

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

TWO PENCE



214 MORE CHEQUES FOR
REGISTERED READERS.
SEE PAGE 2.

OPPRESSED



by NEURASTHENIA!

Are these Symptoms YOURS? ★

1st STAGE

Fatigue after slight exertion—head aches—tiredness in back—excitement

2nd STAGE

Loss of memory and concentration—nervousness—sleeplessness—irritability—loss of confidence and fear of company—and of confined or open spaces—chronic headaches—indigestion—flatulence—constipation—dizziness—cold hands and feet—heart palpitation—cold sweats.

3rd STAGE

Troubled dreams—irritability—gloominess—pessimism—fear—melancholia.

★ Because you have one or two of these symptoms you are not necessarily neurasthenic, but the safe plan would be to treat them as first warnings, and put things right with a short course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

ARE you under this burden? Do you lack *Neurin*? Read the symptoms. If any of them are yours, you are liable to Neurasthenia. You lack *Neurin*—the mysterious *nerve-force*. The heart, the glands, the digestion, the brain, the skin—all suffer if *Neurin* is deficient.

The supply of *Neurin* can be restored by proper *nourishment of the nervous system*, through the *blood and digestion*. Dr. Cassell's Tablets provide just the right concentrated nourishment, in the quantities which elaborate research has proved most effective. That explains why victims of neurasthenia after twenty years' suffering have regained glowing health and vigour.

Dr. Cassell's have lifted the burden for thousands of others, why not you? Start to-day.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

TAKE DR. CASSELL'S FOR THE FOLLOWING DISORDERS:
DUE TO WEAKENING OF THE BLOOD OR NERVE SYSTEMS.

1/3

Family Size 3/-

OVERSTRAIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS.
STOMACH DISORDERS.
NEURASTHENIA.
CHILDREN'S WEAKNESS.
BREAKDOWN.

NEURITIS.
MALNUTRITION.
WASTING. HYSTERIA.
NERVE FATIGUE.
BRAIN FOG.
INDIGESTION.

PALPITATION.
KIDNEY WEAKNESS.
ANEMIA.
NEURALGIA.
HEADACHES.
NERVE PAINS.

1/3

Family Size 3/-



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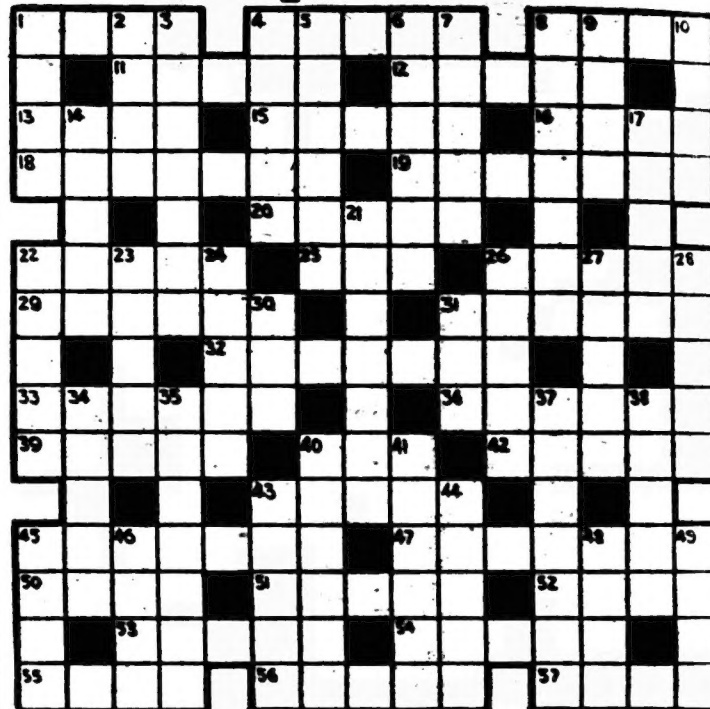


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NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

The Square Game



CLUES DOWN.

- The sea.
- Principal.
- A wanderer.
- Certificate of stock.
- Slightly.
- To agree.
- At that place.
- Spanked.
- To beat severely.
- Opposite of 13 across.

CLUES ACROSS.

- Refuse heap.
- The ermine.
- Gulp.
- Rump bone.
- Disgrace.
- Wrong.
- Wash.
- High note.
- Web-footed sea bird.
- Bull.
- Joiner's tool.
- Pertaining to a royal court.
- Nevertheless.
- To send.
- Thought.
- Contract.
- Expanded.
- Prolonged.
- Bird of pelican tribe.
- Kind of material.
- Lair.
- Claws.
- Metallurgical word.
- Excess beyond requirement.
- Satin-striped silk.
- A succulent plant.
- Boundary.
- Blood.
- Remains.
- Annoyed.
- Shade.
- To guide.
- Hollow.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 30.

Total Benefits Paid 27,491

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name Age
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address

Reader's Signature

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date
Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "A & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium-broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.2.

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Champion!
It's a champion! I shall tell my friends of the bargain they miss—
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Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib Iridium tip worth 15/-
"Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE .. 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

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EVERPOINTED
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FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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JOHN BULL

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Right to Justice and Truth

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the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

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Miners Meet.

The miners at Southport met in a pacific spirit. That mustn't blind those who were expecting trouble. There are deep-seated grievances that rankle in the coal-fields. They must be set right.

Home Office Criticised.

The conference did not think much of the official enquiries into the miners' eye disease known as nystagmus. It's the man in the pit who knows and suffers. His views are entitled to respect.

What They Say.

Miners are pledged to work for the repeal of the Eight Hours Act. Longer hours have certainly not improved the position. The fact that British miners' hours are now the longest of any country in the world is damning.

Better News.

The arrangements being made by the big railway companies to reduce workmen's fares strike a note for industrial peace. What's saved on the ticket will be spent in the home.

We Agree.

It is being argued that raising the school age will not diminish blind-alley jobs for children. That's true. The only thing to do that is vision on the part of parents. They must make any sacrifice to keep boys and girls out of them.

Prevention Demanded.

London doctors are studying in Germany the best methods of curing rheumatism. That's good work. Even better would be a national campaign against conditions which are making rheumatism a commonplace to children.

Take the Hint.

Germany is more forward than we are in this matter. That's why methods in that country are worth studying. She has institutions, baths, and massage, with light rays, always available. So shall we when we're wide awake enough.

The Cost.

370,000 insured persons annually seek rheumatic treatment; the cost of their subsistence is £2,000,000, and over 3,000,000 weeks of work are lost per annum. The physical suffering can't be computed, but it is a call to instant action.

The Life-savers.

For an annual cost of £250,000—a fraction of the cost of one battleship—the Royal Lifeboat Institution boasts an average of 11 lives rescued every week for 103 years. The fact that a thing costs next to nothing is no measure of its value.

They Have Influence.

On the League of Nations Health Committee are thirty men and one woman. The reluctance of Governments to appoint women is a pity. Co-heirs of the world with men they can help progress forward or—hinder it.

LOST!

You will have lost a wonderful opportunity of a free holiday if you miss the final *Bullets* Holiday Offer on page 31. £400 and 75 big Holiday Prizes to be won!

The Crooked Path.

Last year saw experiments on 266,178 living animals, 253,811 being performed without anaesthetics. Sex hygiene, clean living, and good housing for all would reduce disease to a minimum. Then progress by torture wouldn't be necessary.

Kiddies in Danger.

Forty school children of Borden and Hedley have been found to be infected with diphtheria. There'll be other outbreaks in other places unless housing and sanitation in rural districts improve.

Too Terrible.

London now has an average of 231 street accidents a day. In the first three months of this year 214 persons were killed. Carelessness, not always on the part of drivers, is the cause.

Police Sense.

Congratulations to the Manchester Watch Committee in appointing Mrs. Nesta H. Wells the first woman police doctor. Too long have women prisoners been compelled to make all their medical statements to men.

Very Amusing.

Of 381 typewriters used in the Board of Trade Department, 379 have been manufactured in America. As an illustration of the enthusiastic "Buy British" campaign facts couldn't be more illuminating.

Canadian Canniness.

Aeroplanes are used in the Dominions for "dusting" forests with powder to destroy noxious insects. There are wars to wage which help mankind instead of hurting it.

Depopulation.

In the last three years the number of agricultural workers emigrating from Scotland has reached 8,300. Scots no longer have joy in keeping the foot on their native heath. It's given up to shooting lodges—for others.

Royal Assent Given.

Silent, smokeless, dustless, London's new power station, when finished, will be one of the wonders of the future. Moreover, it will cheapen London's electricity supply—the one royal road to up-to-date efficiency and progress.

The Incubus.

On January 1 the number of persons receiving Poor Law relief in England and Wales was 1,548,911. Poverty is an evil, and so is unemployment. At either end of the scale wise statesmanship would prevent it.

Our Tip Taken.

A family of seven, living first in a pigeon pen, then in a barn, and finally in an old canal boat, was reported at Atherstone for "overcrowding." They were given, by unanimous consent, a new council house. We like those councillors. They believe in the humane viewpoint.

Folknote Feast.

Dancing, singing and feasting were the order of the day when the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry camped out in New Forest. The aim is to "try and keep beauty, wonder and romance alive." They'll be lucky if they do it in this material day, but there's nothing like trying.

Basks and Tasks.

To all politicians their holiday ought to be a "summer school," teaching that their overwhelming duty is to bring sunshine and air into the dark and crowded lives—and also something to live on besides air. M.P.s should be ashamed to desert their job till November.

Holidays.

Yachting, shooting, golf, fishing, mountaineering, sight-seeing—the whole gamut of pleasures—are to be tasted by M.P.s this autumn. Just a few are touring constituencies and enquiring into industrial conditions, and the last is the better way.

No Programme, No Progress.

Lloyd George tells the Liberal Party, "If you have no programme before an election, you will have none after." The present Government and Parliament give a living proof.

Not So Bad.

Let no one be discouraged by the failure of the Naval Conference. Governments and peoples in all three countries are pretty sick over the mess the negotiators made of it.

A Sure Winner.

The British proposal of further big cuts in the size of war craft spells death to big navies. Therefore professional and financial interests are out to smother it. But though the American negotiators turned it down, the idea is plainly winning the American people.

The Big If.

Will Mr. Baldwin go to Washington? is the question being asked by friends of peace. We hope he will. The personal touch is the best for promoting understanding—if both sides determine to back it with practical politics.

Do It on the Beach.

Here is an amusing (and profitable) little problem for the holidays. The fighting Services cost this country over £115,000,000 a year, or roughly one-seventh of the revenue. How much of your taxes goes that way?

Here's Another.

What's the holiday value of an "armaments holiday"? A £50,000,000 cut in yearly war outlay (leaving large "police forces" on land and sea) means more than a pound per head of the population of Britain.

THE WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL**Taking the Blame.**

When Jack Daniels stood in the dock at Halifax to receive his sentence for theft, he made a pathetic appeal for a fellow-prisoner. "I led him astray," he said; "but for me he would have kept to the straight road. Willingly I will bear his sentence as well as my own." Proving once more that there is some good even in the worst of men.

Wise Caution.

We think the label "Unfit for Infants" which is to be fixed on containers of imported condensed milk is a precaution that should have been adopted before. The importance of fresh, fine milk in children's diet is so great that anything to deter mothers from giving little ones anything but the genuine article is of the greatest value.

Dear Bricks.

Amongst others a Birmingham firm still charges 70s. a thousand for bricks compared with 65s., the pre-coal stoppage price, stating that there is no possibility of a decrease. Now that the excuse of dear fuel does not hold good, we claim that the price of anything so vital to the public as the material for building its houses should immediately come down.

Wrong Righted.

It is a relief that Mr. Norman Newton, a Manchester post office employee, sent to prison on a charge of "sleeping out," who was afterwards found suffering from sleepy sickness, has been released and is to be granted a free pardon. It is human to err, but we should like it to be said that officialdom is never too proud to make amends.

Wasted Food.

Tens of thousands of the poor in large cities badly need good food at a price their pockets can meet. Yet when fishermen put in at Fleetwood with a great catch of fish they could sell very few. There being no facilities for selling the food cheaply to the poor, the fish was sent to the meal works. This sort of thing is a scandal that must be ended.

Last Resource.

Ejected from their cottage and unable to get other accommodation because they have three children, a family at East Molesey are living on the river in a camping punt that has been lent them. Even the wettest summer is still summer, but it is poor work if no one will undertake to lodge such young children before the winter comes.

"Tainted" Charity.

The Midland Vat of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers, at West Didsbury, offered to give the poor children at Dr. Rhodes' Home an outing. The money had not been made by selling beer, but subscribed voluntarily, but Miss Annie Lee, of the Manchester Guardians, described it as "tainted." So the kiddies have missed their trip.

Valuable Aid.

The huge figure of £52,150,000 was advanced last year on mortgage by the National Association of Building Societies. The help represented by this sum to struggling families, who could never have offered to plank down the full sum of a house, is sufficient to justify the claim of the chairman, Mr. Enoch Hill, that building societies have proved their value to the community.

Wanted Prison.

The smashing of three glass windows in a bus is scarcely a justifiable action for obtaining medical treatment. Walter Humphreys, who told the Pembroke magistrates that he was suffering from stomach trouble and wanted to go to prison to be overhauled by a doctor, received a month's sentence with hard labour. Another time we recommend him to try a hospital first.

Opening Blind Alleys.

If more authorities would follow the lead of Aberystwyth Juvenile Employment Committee, the Kingdom would have less to fear in the future of the evils of flooding the labour market with unskilled labour. The committee have got shopkeepers to agree to turn errand-boys into apprentices, so that one blind-alley job is being opened up. A lad worth employing is worth teaching.

Plucky Plunge.

Passing on his bicycle over the New Bridge, Penwortham, William Slater, of Preston, saw a young girl being carried with the current under the bridge. He jumped off, rushed to the water's edge and brought her to safety, then remounting his machine, rode away without giving his name. We like the sound of this man who so modestly turned a lucky coincidence to such good account.

Pathetic Tragedy.

"I cannot stand the agony any longer. It is dangerous to live with young children." This is the tragedy of Edward Coghlan, aged fifty-one, who, suffering from an advanced stage of tuberculosis, and being a single man devoted to his landlady's children, drowned himself to avoid infecting them. How the incident wakes us up to the need of intensifying our struggle against the white scourge!

The Will to Win.

They still breed fellows of real grit in gallant little Wales. Billy Shea tramped all the way to London, slept out for three nights upon the Embankment, and then went to The Ring and begged the manager, Mr. Dan Sullivan, to give him a show. After beating an experienced opponent in nine rounds, he entered for the Crystal Palace competition, which he won with flying colours. Shea is indeed of the stuff of which world champions are made.

The Human Machine

Responsibility

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE is nobody so uninteresting as not to be interesting to someone. There is no one who is not influencing somebody in some way or other.

The person who looks up to you and respects you may never tell you. In fact, it is extremely improbable that he ever would. Nor is it likely that you will ever know if you "let him down" if you forfeit his respect and admiration.

You never can tell: but it is just as well to remember every now and then that you're setting somebody an example and that you are to that extent responsible to somebody else for what you say and do.

I often think our greatest sins are not of commission but of omission. We sin not so much in what we do, but in what we refuse to do.

We disappoint more people by refusing to use and develop the gifts and powers with which we are endowed than we do even by misusing those powers. No one likes to see a man or a woman become a cabbage.

Man was meant to live—not just to exist; but no one can live unless he makes a continuous effort to develop.

"The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," says the old saying. True, but we can throw their gifts away, and far too many of us do.

FOR one of the greatest gifts of the gods is the ability to be an ordinary man among ordinary men: to like the ordinary things of life and to be content.

To do that is to do a great thing, a thing that calls for the developed use of all the powers we possess.

So many of us want to run before we have learned to walk. I don't know that there is any greater source of unhappiness, either to ourselves or others, than that.

Not so Dusty.

Miss Blanche Green, from America, is giving good advice to British business girls. "Forget you are a woman. Do not weep or sulk. Learn all there is to know about your job. Cultivate imagination. Plan far ahead, and remember human beings are hungry for sympathy," are some of her maxims. That they pay is proved by Miss Green. She earns £20,000 a year.

Britain's Disgrace.

"Ever since the war, in which I served four years, I haven't had a house" was the pathetic defence of John Williams, hauled before the Pontypool Bench for vacation of the hut in which he was living. This consisted of one room, 12 ft. by 11 ft., made of cardboard with canvas roof. In it lived Williams, a woman, two boys and two girls. The order was made. Where such poor folk are to go is the problem nobody has yet solved.

Lasting Mother-love.

"Mr. Cumming and Mr. Smith from America," the two strangers who called at Seal, Kent, nicknamed themselves as they asked for "the oldest inhabitant." They were introduced to Mrs. Elizabeth Bassett, to whom they chatted, but who very soon penetrated their disguise. "It's my Horace and Sidney, who emigrated thirty-four years ago," she affirmed, and she was right. Mother-love lasts a lifetime, neglected or not.

Patience brings Reward.

For fourteen years Mr. J. L. North, Curator of the Royal Botanic Society, has made experiments to acclimatise Manchurian soya beans, plants which supply food, soap, oils, and products which vary from linoleum to printers' ink. This year he has enough seed for two acres of land and next year he hopes to have enough for 100 acres. That's the sort of quiet work that tells, but isn't always noticed. As soya oil fetches about £84 a ton there's money in it too.

British and Best.

To expand our chests over the fact that a Dutch firm could not turn to any other country but England for designing and building a reverse gear for its special requirements, the job being placed with the Langdon Engineering Company, Northam, will not be a bad thing if it encourages the British workman to put his back into his job. Adaptability and reliability are traits that have done much for our country's greatness, to preserve which we need in addition that of steady application.

Real Road Hogs.

The peaceful picture of three children with a penny to spend, wheeling a baby down Weeley village street, was suddenly shattered when a car that had taken the corner too quickly mounted the pavement and dashed on. One of the girls, aged nine, is not expected to live, the two others have received injuries, and the baby owes its life to the fact that it was strapped in the pram. The police are looking for the car which contained four men, and we hope these inhuman beings get their deserts.

Tea for Fourteen.

Fourteen kiddies from Camden Town, hoping to spend a happy Bank Holiday in Regent's Park, were driven to spend hours under the dripping trees. Seeing them there, forlorn and miserable, a Yorkshireman, who had been visiting the Zoo, took them off to a restaurant, ordered a bumper tea, and while they were eating it quietly went off, leaving behind the wherewithal to pay. We can vouch those kiddies' thanks travelled to the heart of the unknown "fairy godfather."

Fiendish Foster-mother.

Purple, blue and red bruises were found on the person of a seven-year-old adopted child after his foster-mother had belaboured the little fellow with the buckle end of a strap. The Belfast magistrates, who found themselves called upon to consider the subsequent charge of gross cruelty, observed that Mrs. Sarah Boyd, the woman in question, fully deserved imprisonment. For some reason or other they let her off with a small fine and made an order removing the child from her custody. With the latter order no one will disagree.

They Must Reconsider.

For the third year in succession the Brighton Town Council has refused permission for the Lifeboat Institution to hold a flag-day in the town. With those who object to all flag-days on principle we can sympathise, but we fail to understand why, at a seaside resort, where flag-days for this, that and the other cause are numerous, such a splendid cause as the lifeboat should be left out. To say the least, the affair is mysterious. Brighton councillors should justify refusal or—think again.

Getting the Pip.

After stating that fruit is essential to people who wish to have good teeth, Professor Gilmour, President of the British Dental Association, said that in Canada he saw land covered with fruit that hardly paid for picking, yet that fruit was too dear for poor people to buy when it was for sale in English shops. The professor is one of many who want to alter the system by which the middlemen get the pickings and the producer and the public are lucky to get the pip.

The Bread of Poverty.

Many well-fed folk believe that when Oliver Twist asked for more all the workhouses were transformed into hotels. Let Thomas Osborne, age sixty-seven, who has been sent to prison for the fiftieth time, bear witness. "Thank you, sir, for sending me to prison," Osborne told the magistrate at Barnet. "I get more food than I do in the workhouse." What a remark for guardians to puzzle over! We feed prisoners better than paupers.

Better than Cure.

Encouraging though it is that the number of abnormal children hitherto thought incurable, and now on the road to being healthy and self-supporting, has greatly increased in the last few years, it is a grief to think that there are as many as 14,000 children, including blind, tuberculous and mentally defectives, in the L.C.C. special schools. If we could but teach sex hygiene to young people and give our women a proper understanding of motherhood, we might have fewer of these pathetic little mortals among us.

No Quarter.

Perhaps the fact that two landowners and a farmer were on the Northants Bench that dealt with Albert Worley and Harold Thomas Bocoock prejudiced their judgment. To send the former to three months' hard labour and further bind him over for three months in sums equalling £20, and to fine the latter, who is only twenty-three, without previous conviction against him, £2 for poaching a rabbit is iniquitous. Many a man and youth in the past have been made criminals for life by such treatment.

Bad Companion.

Not satisfied with ten previous convictions for larceny and housebreaking behind him and a deserter to boot, John Edward Atherton, twenty-three, private in the Border Regiment, incited a fellow private, Frederick Barnes, to join him in the pillage of Beverley Station refreshment-room, whisky, vermouth, gin, biscuits and chocolates being their haul. Atherton has rightly been sent to prison for six months, while Barnes was liberated on the rising of the court. We entreat this young man, who is only twenty-two, to choose better companions in the future.

Reward for Long Service.

The constant care of fifteen babies between the age of one and three years is a nerve-racking job, and the least consideration an attendant can be shown is to have her rest at night away from the children. In a parsimonious attempt to save money, the Bedwellty Guardians have deprived of proper sleeping accommodation a nurse who has spent sixteen years in their service, substituting for her room an ill-ventilated cubicle declared unfit by their own medical officer. Under the new arrangement her rest is broken by the crying of the children and noises from an adjacent stoke-hole. Would engaging a night attendant ruin Bedwellty?

Currie Gets Caught.

Nemesis has followed hard on the heels of our exposure of Ernest Edward Currie, whose bogus partnership ramp we described in our issue of July 9. Currie was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for fraud at Marlborough Street Police Court on Friday, July 29. It was stated that he was arrested at Lowestoft when about to marry a wealthy widow some years older than himself.

A Wise Step.

The Australian Agent-General in London has been instructed to withdraw the emigration literature setting out in glowing terms the land available in Victoria for wheat-growing and sheep-raising. Mr. McIver, Director of Land Settlement, states that Victoria has no suitable land available. It is a pity such action was not taken long ago. Many British emigrants could then have avoided untold hardships.

Buckle's Bambozzle.

A little while ago a Southminster reader received a circular letter from Fredk. Buckle and Co., wholesale fish merchants, Fish Dock, Grimsby, asking for a trial order. Our correspondent sent a postal order for 8s., which was duly cashed by "F. G. Buckle." In spite of repeated letters, our reader can get neither the fish nor his money. Fish merchants are not necessarily "fishy" in their methods, but in this case Buckle and Co. appear to be so.

Fees from Houses.

A "housing scheme for the working classes" is being operated by a concern known as the City and Suburban Housing Association (Glasgow), Ltd., of West George Street, Glasgow. As an "entrance fee" of 2s. 6d. is a primary feature of the scheme, home-seekers who cannot afford to take chances should make careful enquiries beforehand to ascertain the exact functions of the association.

Spider and Fly.

Some Yorkshire money-lenders are out for the full pound of flesh—and more. A Bradford ex-soldier fell into the Shylocks' hands, and according to the Official Receiver they bled him to the extent of over 600 per cent. They worked in a ring, and he was brought to such a pass that he had to borrow from one to pay another. Finally he was sent to a third firm that "confiscated the whole lot." What a warning to poor flies hovering near the spiders' lair.

Slick Salesmen.

The doorstep salesmen who represent a concern called V. Barnett and Co. seem to follow all the approved methods employed by the "general merchandise" mongers. A complaint comes from Wellington, where a lady was induced to place an order for bargain goods and saddled with a length of cloth for which cash was collected on the nail. The goods have not arrived and the housewife now realises that all the patter about bargains was merely used to effect the sale of the one length of cloth. Others should be cautious.

In the Nick of Time!

Last week we warned readers that A. F. Roberts was once more endeavouring to work his employment-with-investment ramp, and the issue had not been on sale many hours before we received two visits from people who came to thank us. They had seen our warning in the nick of time and were thus saved from parting with their cash. One was asked by Roberts to deposit £250, as he had "eighty-five men waiting for the vacancy"! This is the limit in cool cheek for a man newly out of jail after being convicted for ramps of a similar nature.

**214 More Cheques
paid to Registered Readers**

SBB PAGE 2

Problems of Life

Life's Richest Lesson

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of the most lovable men I have ever met was the late Jerome K. Jerome. I have been told that he could blaze out in wrath if he were given cause of offence: he was not always of a meek and quiet spirit.



The late Jerome K. Jerome

This I can well believe, but it does not make one respect his memory any the less.

There was solid worth in the man, real depth of feeling, high principle conjoined to uncommon insight.

Most people think of him as a humorist, and so he was; but, like all true humorists, he had an eye for the pathos of human life.

It should be remembered that the same hand that wrote "Three Men in a Boat" also wrote "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

The rollicking fun of the one was quite compatible with the reverential teaching of the other.

I WAS his chairman on one occasion when he gave an address that profoundly impressed every person present.

He was not a ready speaker, and he spoke very quietly and with a touch of nervousness, but what he said was listened to amid an intense, almost painful, stillness.

The speech was his own confession of faith.

In the course of it he made the strikingly unexpected statement that Renan's Life of Jesus had made him a Christian.

One would have thought that that sceptical book would have had the opposite effect on a reader.

But no. Jerome said if a character so noble as Renan portrayed had actually existed in this world, then it was an ideal for imitation.

I saw then from where "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" had come.

And now there lies before me almost the last testimony penned by Jerome K. Jerome concerning the values of life.

It says: "Love and friendship and repose are not won by energy and ambition; and most successful men are failures to themselves."

Not very original perhaps, but the outcome of a strenuous experience.

SUCCESS did not come easily to Jerome. He had to fight hard for it and was well battered in the process; but he kept his soul alive.

Energy and ambition have their place.

They can be clean; they need not be mean and despicable; but they must minister to, instead of dominate, the higher ends of life or they sear the conscience and destroy our peace.

He lives wisely and lives well who keeps his vision clear as to what is best worth aiming at in this world and does not allow himself to be mastered by burning desire for anything else.

What you want to win you generally can win. Concentrate on the best.

A GREAT CARPET CATCH

RUGS, MUGS AND THUGS

An Impudent Doorstep Dodge

A NUMBER of impudent tricksters are going about in masquerade and conducting a highly profitable series of swindles by imposing upon the bargaining instincts of some credulous householders.

Representing themselves as ship's officers, and attired neatly in the uniform of the Merchant Service, they are in the habit of calling at various houses with a number of attractive-looking rugs, which they have brought home, so they say, on their last voyage from the East.

One of the fraternity, who gave his name as Mark Campbell, recently called upon the nephew of a Captain Williams, a sea captain in South Wales, and after representing himself as a friend of the captain, explained that he wished to discuss a matter of business.

Convincing tale

Acting on the instructions of a "Captain Henderson of the Anchor Line," he went on, he had purchased some Smyrna rugs for Captain Williams, who, he understood, wanted them for a new house he was building.

The nephew thought this quite feasible, for his uncle was actually having a new house erected in the vicinity.

The stranger showed himself so much at home with names and places, too, that no doubts were aroused as to his integrity.

In effecting the purchases, Campbell continued, he had used all his available cash and had also been forced to borrow from a Captain Broadbent.

He had the rugs in a car which he had hired at some great expense in order to run them down before joining his ship, *Purna*, at Holyhead.

The nephew made out a cheque for £40, the amount named by Campbell; but after the latter had departed an examination of the rugs left behind disclosed the fact that they were of inferior quality.

Expert advice was sought, and it transpired that the "Smyrna" rugs had emanated from factories in Germany and Belgium.

Crafty chieftain

It was only on subsequent enquiry that the nephew discovered how the crafty Campbell had been so familiar with his uncle's movements and had been able to make such free use of friends' names.

He had previously put in several busy hours on the adjacent building plot where Captain Williams' house was being erected, chatting with the workmen, who innocently supplied him with all the information he desired!

This same rascal has executed several similar coups, and is at present "working" various seaside resorts.

Sometimes exponents of this dry-

land sailor dodge work in pairs and do not bother to acquire such artistry as the gentleman we have just discussed.

Theirs is a simple tale of a laudable desire to improve their position in the service.

To this end, they explain, they hope to supplement their finances by the occasional sale of valuable goods picked up on their voyages.

With becoming deference, they ask permission to exhibit their wares, and when the rugs are spread out



Captain Coombes, of the Navigators and General Assurance Company, one of the many shipping authorities who are helping to end this new swindle

before the prospective dupe interest is almost always aroused.

Two of the fraternity recently called upon a gentleman who resides at Potters Bar, and the rugs they exhibited were, they declared, the product of Persia.

Woman's pathetic story

At first the householder was reluctant to make any purchase, but the conversational asides of the two seafarers implied more than a suggestion that he was missing a wonderful bargain.

In the end he parted with a cheque for £25, made out to "T. West," the name given by the chief spokesman of the duo.

Like the South Wales gentleman, the purchaser found on closer examination that he had paid good money for paltry goods and he immediately instructed his bankers to stop payment of his cheque.

But the two bogus seafarers had already cashed the cheque through an East End firm by tendering it in part payment for further goods.

These two rascals brought off two similar coups in the same vicinity, though in one they were not quite so successful.

An enlightened householder telephoned his bank after his misguided purchase, and West and his partner, who probably thought that their duplicity would not be discovered so speedily, did not negotiate

the cheque in this case through a third party. They presented it at the bank counter, where it was, of course, stopped.

Unabashed, they made a further attempt to obtain the money by invoking the aid of a female accomplice.

This lady drove up to the prudent householder's home in a smart car and told a pathetic story of how her brothers had sailed for the East again after she had cashed their cheque for them.

She could not understand why it had been refused at the bank, and it was very hard that she should have to bear the loss, etc.

A sad slip

This tale did not wash, however, and when the householder mentioned the police the lady beat a hasty retreat, and he has thus, so far, secured his rugs for nothing.

The third dupe in the neighbourhood paid over a cheque for £60, and he, too, issued instructions to his bank to stop payment as soon as he found how he had been tricked.

Here, however, West and his partner had cashed the cheque through a firm again, to whom the victim has ultimately been forced to make redress.

When these three people heard of each other's plight they got together to see what action could be taken, and it was finally decided that they should write to Mr. T. West, at 28, Lime Street, Southampton, an address given by Miss West when she called on her fruitless mission.

The letter came back marked "Not known here."

On two occasions, at least, attempts to pull off this ingenious swindle have been frustrated in an interesting manner.

One unwary trickster innocently visited the house of a shipowner, who made him squirm under a searching cross-examination.

His discomfiture was complete when he claimed to be employed on a certain vessel, for he unwittingly mentioned one of the ships owned by his quack sponsor!

He was speedily ordered off the premises, and was lucky in not being handed over to the police.

Police handicap

But for every failure, these rogues probably score half a dozen successes, and the profits made must be very substantial indeed.

The police are handicapped in curbing their activities owing to the reluctance of dupes to come forward and prosecute.

No one likes to admit in open court that he has foolishly bought faked and rubbishy goods, but, in the interests of justice, we urge everyone who can give useful information to the police on the subject to do so without delay.

What a Chance!

The Film Tester

SOME weeks ago the following advertisement appeared in a Sussex newspaper:

Motion Pictures.—Will anyone desiring a part in three forthcoming productions, submit particulars; new talent required? Approved applicants receive free training. Enclose photograph, which will be returned after examination. Address Box

An alluring announcement! It is well calculated to raise hopes in the palpitating breasts of thousands of aspirants, male and female. New talent required. What a chance!

Readers of JOHN BULL, however, know by now that all is not gold that glitters and one of them who answered the advertisement sent us the letter she received in reply.

The heading is impressive. On one side appears Patrick O'Hara, Motion Picture Director and Producer, with "booking offices" in New York.

On the other side is the address of Mr. O'Hara's studios, given as 1103, Lilliam Way, Hollywood, California.

Enticing offer

In his letter, dated June 19, Mr. O'Hara says he is producing three pictures in Brighton, commencing at the latter end of July. As he had a large number of positions open he proposed to run a film test in Brighton.

Successful candidates would be trained under an expert director on these three films, and would then be given contracts to make further pictures in his studios at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which were nearly completed.

Candidates would be paid £7 per week while training on the three films, and the necessary wardrobes would be supplied.

Mr. O'Hara then goes on to say that as a number of candidates failed to turn up at last year's test, all applications this year must be accompanied by a deposit of 6s., which would be returned to the candidate at the test.

Disturbing discovery

Failure to appear will mean forfeiture of the deposit, explains Mr. O'Hara, who adds that no candidate will be charged any fee whatsoever.

An examination of the latest Hollywood and New York directories has failed to discover any film director or producer or even any lesser light named Patrick O'Hara.

The result of enquiries made at Newcastle-on-Tyne shows that there is no film studio there. Enquiries in Brighton and district fail to reveal either film test or film production.

The name of Patrick O'Hara does not appear on the Home Office Register of Film Producers, and neither can it be found in any American register.

Finally, enquiries at his London address show that this elusive gentleman has gone away.

We do not know how many postal orders were sent to Mr. O'Hara, but we hope for his own sake that he returned them all to the senders.

ASTOUNDING FRAUDS OF A COLONEL

FORGED CHEQUES AND CHAMPAGNE

An Audacious Society Swindler

A WELL-CONNECTED swindler, who sometimes goes under the name of Colonel or Captain Greetham and sometimes Colonel E. A. Hamer, believed to be the son of titled parents, who long ago refused to have anything further to do with him on account of his criminal and gambling propensities, is at present pursuing a romantic career of crime.

Tall, of markedly military appearance, and wearing the distinguished order of the Military Cross, he is in the habit of frequenting the most exclusive hotels and clubs of London and, with consummate ease, inveigles his way into the company of people in the most inner circles of society.

His real name would appear to be Guy Colkerham Vale Greetham, but he has many aliases, prefaced generally by the quite unmerited title of "Colonel."

To do him justice, it must be confessed that he certainly bears the traditional stamp of the retired military man, even down to a grizzled auburn moustache.

Useful assets

He also possesses all the familiar attributes of the costly University training which his highly placed parents gave him twenty-five years ago.

Apart from the assets of education and appearance, this individual is gifted with a ready tongue and an intimate knowledge of the personal movements of best-known society people.

He sometimes boasts membership of the Cavalry Club and talks airily of his former association with the 11/20 Hussars!

For the moment, too, he is armed with a cheque-book which recently belonged to a gentleman in Hampstead.

The latter, who made the casual acquaintance of the "Colonel" in all innocence was much entertained by the old war-dog's breezy conversation.

He listened most interestedly to amazing reminiscences of military life in the Indian hill stations, and to the various exploits in which the colonel said he had figured in his Army days.

Staggering surprise

But when the Hampstead gentleman parted from his congenial companion he discovered that he had also parted from his cheque-book.

His shock was heightened when the local police showed him a portrait of the "Colonel" and explained that it represented a most audacious society swindler.

This portrait, however, did not depict him as a "Colonel," for it had been taken upon his release from jail some time previously, after he had served a term of imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences.

Enquiries at an address in Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, which the "Colonel" has given to numerous dupes proved fruitless.

Meanwhile, the subject of the picture, armed with his newly-acquired cheque-book, was enjoying life to the full.

Soon Mayfair was hearing romantic rumours of a clever swindler in its midst who had imposed upon hotels, clubs, and even wide-awake hostesses.

One day the "Colonel" visited an exclusive club in Piccadilly and asked for a gentleman whose name was a household word there.

He was told that the gentleman was not in the club, and although the "Colonel" duly registered pained surprise, he had known very well that the gentleman was many miles away.

Giving the name of Colonel R. V. Greetham, he asked to see anyone who could give him some particulars as to the missing member's whereabouts, and in the end a personal friend of the latter came upon the scene.

Colonel Greetham at once put on his best manner. He was loth to trouble anyone, but he had some urgent business in hand which closely concerned their mutual friend.

He had to deposit a certain sum that day in order to complete the transaction and the cheque which the missing member had left behind was not sufficient to meet all demands.

It was a great pity as the deal would now fall through. Unfortunately, he himself had already sunk every available penny in the venture and there was still a deficit, which his friend could have made up in a twinkling.

Papers produced by Colonel Greetham seemed to bear out all his statements and included a cheque which was signed quite clearly by the absent gentleman.

In the face of these seemingly authentic documents, and swayed by the "Colonel's" plausible manner, the club member accepted his friend's cheque and handed Greetham one for the increased sum.

Clever coups

He soon had cause to regret his kindness, for the cheque that the "Colonel" left behind him was ultimately returned by the bank as its signature did not quite tally with the bank's records and was, indeed, a clever forgery, perpetrated upon a cheque taken from the book stolen in Hampstead.

This is only one of the "Colonel's" many exploits. In another instance



Chief Constable Wendell, whose lieutenants are endeavouring to round up this elusive scamp.

he posed as "Colonel E. A. Hamer," and succeeded in obtaining a substantial sum of money from the secretary of a concern who knew better than any other the handwriting of the real person involved.

Even when the forged cheque came back the secretary found it difficult to believe that the handwriting was not genuine, so cleverly had it been copied.

Apart from cleverly-executed coups of this kind, Colonel Hamer, alias Greetham, who boasts many other names, has yet to answer for certain frauds carried on during the past few months at hotels in various parts of the country.

Many complaints have been lodged with Scotland Yard, and a warrant is out against him. We hope that this swindler, whose wiles have secured so many victims, will be brought to book without delay.

Any reader who can give information as to his whereabouts should communicate with the nearest police-station without delay.

PARTNER HUNTER TRIPPED UP LAZENBY AT IT AGAIN

DURING the past fortnight case after case has been brought to our notice of attempts, successful and unsuccessful, by David Wilson Lazenby to induce people to part with money to him under worthless agreements for employment.

As a result of our exposure of this man in a recent issue, two readers who were on the point of handing their savings to him have been saved from doing so.

As he is pursuing his shady courses with reckless impudence, we intend to give Lazenby a little further publicity, in the hope that the authorities may realise that he deserves their serious attention.

Pathetic plight

We have before us a pathetic letter from the wife of one man who entrusted his life's savings to Lazenby.

These unfortunate people have been compelled to sell their furniture.

let their insurance policies lapse and break up their home. The wife has had to go out to work in order to keep them both from the workhouse.

Lazenby has now dropped his proper name and is representing himself as David Wilson. In this guise he recently negotiated for the tenancy of an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, paying £1 deposit.

Fortunate happening

He was given the key of this office, but when the landlord discovered the character of his tenant, he demanded its return. When Lazenby failed to return the key, a new lock was put on the office door.

From an hotel at Staines, Lazenby has been making desperate efforts to secure other "partners."

One reader of JOHN BULL who answered his advertisement and whom he interviewed actually paid him a deposit to secure the employment Lazenby promised him.

Fortunately, however, before parting with the balance of his money, he saw our exposure, and, going to Staines, demanded and obtained the return of his money.

Another young man met Lazenby in a West End hotel and was offered a job as clerk in charge of the office in Shaftesbury Avenue at a salary of £3 10s. per week and a share of the profits.

Lazenby, who called himself Wilson, asked for a deposit of £20, and persuaded his victim to part with 30s. on account. This young man was wise enough to consult his father before paying the balance.

What a surprise!

The father promptly consulted his solicitor, who put the matter into the hands of a private detective. At the detective's suggestion the son telephoned to Lazenby at Staines asking him to meet him outside Oxford Circus Tube Station.

Lazenby arrived and was very disconcerted to find himself confronted by an ex-inspector of the London police, who demanded the return of the deposit, at the same time drawing Mr. David Wilson's attention to the article in JOHN BULL.

Wilson did not attempt to deny that he was Lazenby, and talked blusteringly about prosecuting this journal, but he handed over the 30s. and left hurriedly without saying good-bye.

Anxious victims

Since this incident we have been informed that yet another man has been induced to part with £150.

We hold, at the disposal of the police, a mass of documents from a long list of this man's victims, all of whom have expressed themselves anxious to give evidence against him if the Public Prosecutor will take

A MOTHER'S TORTURE

CHILDREN STOLEN BY LAW
Fabies Pushed into Pauperism

A MOTHER robbed of her child and not allowed to see it—and in Britain too! What can be said of a law that allows so inhuman a crime? And yet it may happen any day!

THE mother of Rose Alice has gone to prison. She has been accused of secreting her daughter.

When Rose Alice Smith was a child of fourteen her mother "signed a paper" permitting her, as she thought, to go into a home for a few months for her health's sake.

For three years Rose Alice was detained at the will of the merciless Board of Control in a mental home in Birmingham.

Last February this perfectly sane girl, now seventeen, was allowed out for a fortnight's holiday. She did not return. Her mother, frail in body but ready to die for her child's freedom, was haled before the magistrates and fined 20s. for refusing to surrender her.

A mother's shame

Now the child-hunters, still baulked of their prey, have wreaked further vengeance on this poor woman.

Again summoned to the police court, the magistrates this time imposed a fine of 40s. or twenty-one days' imprisonment, whereupon Mrs. Smith declared, "Very well, I will go to prison."

Prison to this lonely, hardworking widow is a terror worse to face than death itself. The shame and degradation of it will scar her soul.

The Poor Law Act of 1899 gives authority to boards of guardians to take children from their parents on the flimsiest of pretexts, and not only to take them, but often to so hide them that their parents never see them again.

This may sound incredible, but here is a case in point.

In December, 1921, Mrs. Bristow, who resided in Lewisham with her youngest daughter Kathleen, a child of eleven, was deserted by her husband.

She found herself compelled to store her furniture and go to live with relatives at Colchester who were willing to offer her and the child a temporary home.

Never seen since!

Being unable to proceed to Colchester on the same day that she broke up her home, Mrs. Bristow went into the workhouse with her child for one night, on December 8, 1921.

The next morning she took her discharge, but the guardians of the poor refused to surrender the child to her mother, who thereupon asked that she should be sent to her brother at Colchester, a man in good position.

This request was ignored and Mrs. Bristow has never seen her child from that day to this.

Kathleen Bristow is now seventeen. She has been placed by the guardians in domestic service. It is

possible that she may be in a comfortable home where she is happy under comfortable treatment.

It is also equally possible that the reverse may be the case. We do not know. Her mother does not know.

Secure in their authority, the guardians have ignored all Mrs. Bristow's appeals and protests. She employed a firm of solicitors to make enquiries for her.

After some difficulty they extracted a reply in which the guardians



Kathleen Bristow

state that, as regards access to the child, they have acted upon their discretion in the interests of the child, having regard to the conduct of her parents and the nature of the applications received.

Mrs. Bristow, who for some years has been happily reunited to her husband, is now a grandmother, another of her daughters being the mother of two fine children.

She feels very keenly the position of her youngest child, branded with the stigma of pauperism.

Vicious system

Ratepayers may reasonably ask why they should be called upon to bear charges for the maintenance of children "adopted" on their behalf against the wishes of their parents.

In the answer to this question lies our indictment of a system of administration which has been allowed to develop unchecked.

Mental homes, industrial schools and Poor Law institutions all came into existence to justify the Acts of Parliament which called them into being, statutes which were the work of the bureaucrats who run this country rather than that of their ignorant puppets in Parliament.

The need has not come up to expectations because of better standards of life and decreases in drunkenness, disease and crime.

But these places exist. They must be kept filled or closed down. It is unthinkable that they should close down. It would bring jobs to an end, and above all it would show that the statutes that protect them are outworn.

That would never do. The institutions must be kept filled. If parents cannot be robbed fairly of their children, then other means, however foul, must be adopted.

This we repeat, is our indictment of a vicious and iniquitous system. Let those responsible for its continuance answer it if they can.

PACK HIM UP!

ROGOFF—AND BACK!
A Twister in the Twenties

SENTENCED to imprisonment; ordered to be deported; allowed to remain here and continue a career of fraud—such is a Russian rascal's record. No wonder that our alien laws are laughed at!

AN alien named Jack Rogoff must be laughing up his sleeve at the indulgent way in which our authorities have treated him. For Rogoff has little respect for the law of this country, and experience has shown him that he can enjoy some unbelievable privileges.

This audacious alien is a specialist in long-firm frauds, and the fact that his initial operations were crowned with a sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment in 1923 has not abashed him in the least. He simply carries on!

The Home Office would appear to be largely responsible for his renewed activities, for an order made for this rascal's deportation was subsequently rescinded.

Why such unmerited indulgence was shown to a man who had robbed British traders right and left is something of a mystery.

A fresh start

Given an opportunity of resuming his activities, it is small wonder that he again fell foul of the police. In the meantime, however, he had been in the hands of the Belgian police in connection with frauds in Brussels.

Yet, in spite of his international criminal record, Rogoff, by the simple process of adopting the alias of "Jacobs," was able to obtain a post with a manufacturer and general merchant in the East End of London.

No sooner did he get a grip on this business than he induced the merchant to open an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, and settled down to wait for a favourable opportunity of exercising his criminal instincts.

It came when his employer found occasion to go abroad on business. Forthwith "Jacobs" began to order large quantities of goods in the other's name.

In this way he contrived to get hold of valuable consignments of cloth from well-known firms in Bradford, Leeds, Manchester and even London.

To some of the firms the merchant's name was unknown, but "Jacobs" got over this by offering cheques in immediate payment. These cheques were signed "Jack Harris," and made out in favour of the merchant himself.

Plausible tale

"Jacobs'" object was to cause as much delay as possible in getting the cheques through the banks, for "Jack Harris" was merely another of his aliases and the cheques were, of course, worthless. By dint of this subterfuge he secured stock to the value of many thousands of pounds.

When one firm asked why the cheque was made out in this unusual manner "Jacobs" readily explained

that in his employer's absence there was no one who could sign cheques in the ordinary way.

This plausible explanation quickly dispelled any lingering doubt.

When the merchant returned from his business tour a great shock awaited him.

He found his East End offices and his new Shaftesbury Avenue branch closed, while "Jacobs" had disappeared with all the stock and books.

Trying experience

The merchant, who bore an unblemished character, was thus placed in a very terrible position, and had to submit to police enquiries in connection with the missing goods.

So cleverly was this swindle engineered that the police have experienced the greatest difficulty in tracing the material to the markets where it was eventually disposed of.

It would perhaps not be surprising to learn that "Jacobs," alias "Harris," alias "Rogoff," was aided by a confederate in this instance, and the police have been interested in the coincidence by which a man disappeared from a city office on the same day as Rogoff, leaving his rent, rates and taxes unpaid.

At the moment Rogoff is nowhere to be found, though the whole country is being combed for him. It is unlikely that such an audacious rogue will have bothered to leave the country which has shown him such leniency in the past.

Breaking a record

As has been seen, he favours a variety of aliases, and it is more than probable that he is at present operating in one name or another in one of the large provincial towns.

Rogoff, who is under thirty years of age, probably inherits his versatile, but undesirable, traits from his father, who was no stranger to the inside of a jail.

Up to the moment he shows every sign of rivalling his parent's record, and it is to be hoped that he will quickly be laid by the heels.

But is it not preposterous that the police should be put to so much trouble by this Russian rascal?

Why was a man of such an undesirable character permitted to come to this country after being convicted abroad?

And why, when a judge had made an order for his deportation, was he permitted to remain?

As the foregoing article shows, the extraordinary action of our authorities has resulted in a formidable loss to countless British traders.

Even if Rogoff is now caught and sent to jail again it will be the British taxpayer who must pay to keep him there!

PIANO CRASH: Remarkable Story

HIRE-PURCHASE FORGERIES

A Pretty Musical Box-up

ONE of the most amazing financial crashes that have ever come to our notice concerns a person named Edgar Joseph Wanstall, who has operated in Grimsby for many years as a dealer in pianos and other musical instruments.

Mr. Wanstall is forty-eight years of age, and is possessed of a most ambitious nature. Apparently he could not be content to climb the ladder of fortune one rung at a time, but aspired to jump from the bottom to the top in one swift flight.

As may perhaps be imagined, he stumbled on the way, and has now fallen to the ground in a sorry plight, crushed and broken.

It is necessary at the outset for us to take a glimpse of Wanstall in 1899, when he was working as a piano-tuner for a firm of musical dealers in Grimsby.

Immortal ambition

This employment he continued until 1907, when ambition fired him and he was prompted to open a small shop of his own, obtaining pianos on credit and disposing of them under hire-purchase agreements.

When we come to look into his history we find that he had no available cash behind him when he took this ambitious step, but, on the other hand, was in debt to the extent of £300.

A more prudent man might have realised that he was embarking upon a mad speculation, but young Wanstall plunged wildly on.

Although he had never been solvent from the first, he eventually opened two shops, and, still obtaining pianos on credit, he tried to make his fortune

by selling them to clients on deferred, but remunerative, instalments.

He was playing a fool's game, and all the time defeat was staring him in the face. As he went on his liabilities grew and grew, and bankruptcy seemed ever imminent.

Still goaded by ambition, he became desperate and began to falsify his accounts.

False steps

And, having taken one false step, he blundered still more deeply into the mire and endeavoured to wipe out all former errors by perpetrating still greater ones.

Eventually he forged certain agreements to stave off the inevitable day of reckoning.

Of course, the end came at last, and the ambitious piano-tuner found himself broken financially and with character and reputation gone.

An adamant creditor forced an action against him, and he was obliged to file his petition in bankruptcy.

His bankruptcy was fraught with astounding disclosures, for this ambitious dealer, whose "headquarters" consisted of two tiny shops at Litterfield Lane and Freeman Street, Grimsby, failed for the staggering sum of £36,000!

And his deficiency was no less than £27,000!

If the figures are staggering, the facts are equally so. His bankruptcy was one of persistent lies and juggled figures, of falsified books and flagrant fraud.

Examine the records of his crash at any point and glaring and endless instances of deliberate and calculated swindling will be discovered, em-

barked upon by Wanstall in his desperate endeavours to "save the situation."

No one can be sorry for Wanstall in the colossal and criminal acts he perpetrated in his last maddened hours of his defeat, nor can it be said that the sentence of twelve months just passed upon him is unmerited.

But arising out of this tragic crash are one or two things which deserve publicity.

For, in trying to put his tottering house in order, Wanstall was foolish enough to resort to moneylenders of the unregistered class.

From one Grimsby gentleman, a Mr. W. Cooke, the Official Receiver alleged that he borrowed £8,675 in a period of nine months. In connection with these loans he paid £14,038!

From another gentleman, a Mr. A. W. Baxter, it was stated by the Official Receiver that over a period of about twelve months, he borrowed £3,986 and in six months repaid £6,441!

Grasping greed

In some cases Wanstall even gave post-dated cheques for amounts borrowed, which were made out to include the interest due upon the loans. Sometimes he paid as much as £10 on a sum of, say, £200 advanced for a term of five or six weeks.

These and many more of his money-lending transactions exposed by the Official Receiver in the bankruptcy proceedings explain his downfall.

But what of the various people who so generously accommodated Wanstall?



Mr. Joseph Smith, the Grimsby magistrate, who made strong comment in this case.

As Mr. Joseph Smith, the Grimsby magistrate, observed in hearing Wanstall's case: "They dealt with him purely from a greed to make large profits."

What is the answer to all this? The House of Commons is passing laws to curb the bloodsucking activities of usurers registered by the State; but what of those who are not registered?

Under the Moneylenders Act any person who fails to register himself as required by the Act, or to fulfil the various other requirements of the Act in connection with his business as a moneylender, is liable to severe penalties.

A first offender may be liable, in certain circumstances, to a fine not exceeding £100 or imprisonment not exceeding three months. Second or subsequent convictions may result in a fine of £500.

What of the people, in the present case, who lent money at exorbitant rates of interest behind the scenes, reaping rich profits at the expense of another's downfall?

Taverner Trips Up

Judge's Sharp Comments

WILLIAM TAVERNER, of Fishponds, Bristol, whose dubious "Quarterly Dividends" and "House Purchase" schemes have been so often criticised in these pages, has lately experienced quite a lot of unpleasant limelight.

In the middle of last month he appeared in Bristol County Court in the capacity of plaintiff in an action for the foreclosure and enforcement of a mortgage, in which he was only partially successful.

Judge's impression

We do not propose to devote space here to a recital of the full case. It will suffice to say that His Honour Judge Parsons, K.C., was not impressed with the methods of Taverner's two companies.

The whole thing, he declared, struck him as being a nightmare and dishonest.

Then a week or so back Taverner again appeared before the same judge, this time as defendant in an

action where certain people sued for the return of moneys paid under his two schemes.

Here again we will content ourselves by quoting one or two remarks made by the judge at the close of the proceedings, which terminated adversely for Taverner, who was refused leave to appeal.

Essy dividend

Taverner's scheme, he declared, was fundamentally unsound, and he thought that the plaintiffs had been misled.

Dividends were admittedly paid out of depositors' money and His Honour could not regard it as philanthropic to induce people of the poorer classes to invest their money in such a way as might lead to the total loss of the capital money so far as the investors and their families were concerned.

We are pleased to have this judicial confirmation of opinions that were long ago expressed in JOHN BULL.

A Bit Too Enterprising

£3,000 a Year Offer!

ON answering an advertisement promising "Genuine Homework," a High Wycombe reader was favoured with a printed circular, headed "Enterprise Card Addressing System."

This circular, which emanated from Manchester Street, London, W.C., looked, at first sight, not unlike a mathematical puzzle, as it bore the numerals I. to VII., scattered about the page in elongated boxes.

Closer examination, however, showed that these were designed to draw attention to seven reasons why one should take up the system at once and start earning from 2d. to 2s. 9d. a minute.

Repeated exhortation

Amongst the reasons given was the fact that the work would qualify one for a position "in a capacity in which a yearly salary as high as £3,000 has been earned."

Most of the remainder of the circular was taken up with repeated

exhortations to send 5s. to the Manchester Street address for the complete card system.

OddJs against

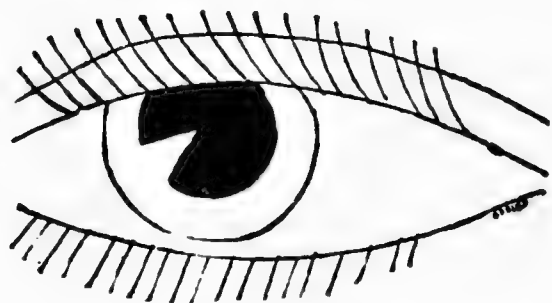
Our reader has not sent his money, and we deem him prudent. There are several aspects of this offer which seem to advocate caution, not the least being the fact that the circular bears no name of any individual or individuals connected with the venture!

Another point which is well worthy of consideration is that the circular explicitly states that only a few people are required for the remunerative homework.

This being so, it is surely extraordinary that the people behind the offer should go to the trouble of having elaborate circulars printed.

It is still more extraordinary that every person who answers the advertisement should be expected to send 5s. on the off-chance of being one of the lucky few selected.

F7



"Look" you say. "Snap" says the Camera. "Got it" says Ensign Film. And Ensign Film has got it. Got it for keeps. Got it just as the picture looked to you when you pressed the trigger

Ensign Films have an eye for colour. They give what experts call "good colour rendering." In other words they provide gradations of light and dark tones which *look* colourful

Remember, too, that Ensign Films never vary. Whenever and wherever you buy them they are always the same. And you can buy them from photographic dealers everywhere

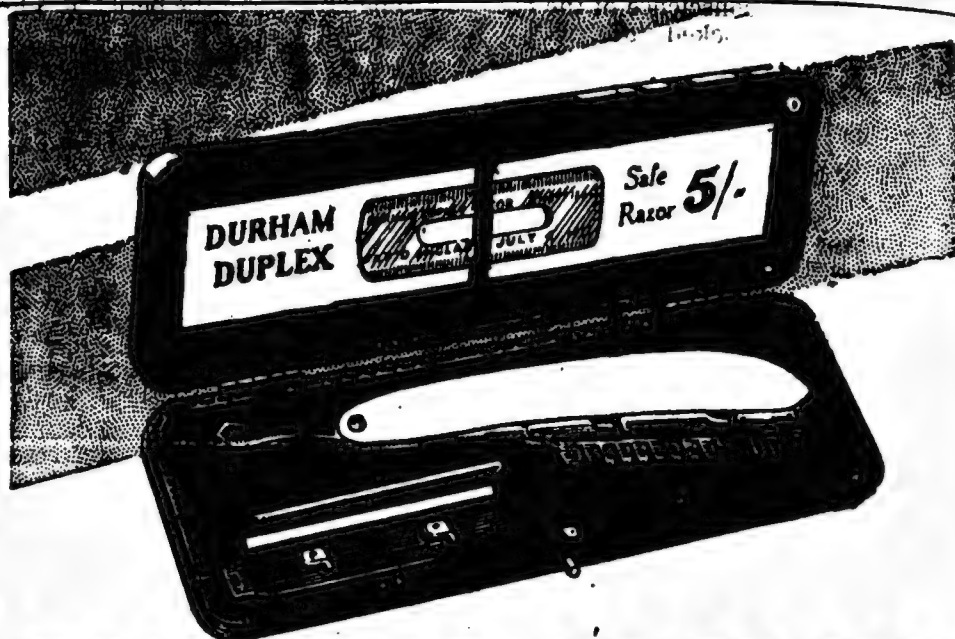
Make sure that your next Film is an Ensign, and see for yourself the better results you will get. Not only better results but more certain results, if you trust your snaps to Ensign Films

Have you seen the Wonder Camera of the year—THE ALL-DISTANCE ENSIGN? Write for Booklet

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DURHAM-DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR FREE for 20 B.D.V.

coupons only

from packets of 10 B.D.V. Cigarettes

20 B.D.V. Coupons for this genuine Durham-Duplex Razor Set! Complete with safety guard, stropping attachment and double-edged, hollow ground blade. All in a neat, strong blue leatherette case. Did you ever read of an offer more generous in any Gift Scheme?

Simply collect the coupons (found generally at the back of every packet) of B.D.V. Cigarettes and post to:

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. 70)
54, White Lion Street, E.1.

Plain or **B.D.V.** 10 for 6d.
Cork Tip 20 for 11½d
CIGARETTES

"—just like hand made"

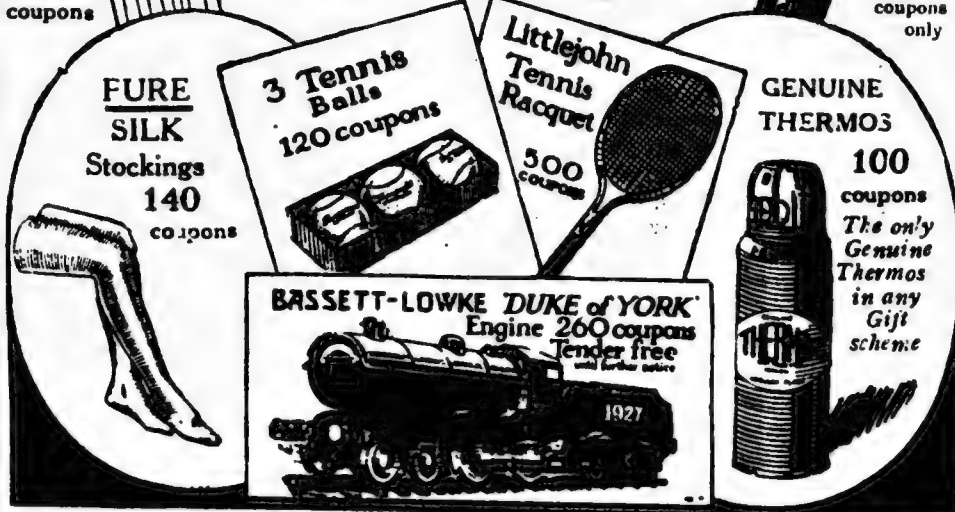
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All food, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



IF the conscience of the nation is to be aroused to the perils of a new war it must be shocked into wakefulness. Our contributor, the greatest authority on armaments in the country, drives home his points in a startlingly effective fashion.

A Startling Prediction

by PHILIP J. NOEL BAKER, M.A.

THE other day I met in Green Park a detachment of the Horse Guards. It was a magnificent sight—splendid men, riding beautiful horses, perfect in carriage and drill, resplendent in their red cloaks and flashing helmets.

The Guards were a symbol of the majesty and might of Britain. They were the very flower of the Imperial Army. They were a guarantee to the casual Londoner who met them, as I did, passing by, of the "preparedness" of Britain for another war.

And yet the Horse Guards, with all their costly equipment, with all their perfect training, will be as irrelevant to the realities of "the next war" as the mediæval armour in the Tower. They will be as helpless as a mediæval knight to defend the Londoner from the attacks that will be launched against him.

For those attacks, which will be made first on London, because it is the nerve-centre of the Empire, and then on every other great centre of industry and population in the British Isles, will be launched not by land or sea, but from the air.

And against such attacks neither fleets nor armies will be able to give to the civilian populations who rely upon them any measure of defence.

Awful picture

Have you ever tried to imagine what a modern air attack carried out on London by an enemy Air Force would be really like?

Try this for a description—it is a forecast of what would happen to our great metropolis in the early hours of the first night of the next war:

"In a score of places buildings were burning furiously, their windows a lurid red, their roofs vomiting great tawny flames that licked dense climbing convolutions of black and yellow smoke.

They illuminated a city that was an inferno of human agony, illuminated empty streets that were strewn and piled with bodies, illuminated streets where vehicles yet raced and panic-mad mobs of men and women rushed blindly anywhere.

"It seemed that that rain of giant bombs, that constant eruption of house-high flashes in which whole blocks of buildings disappeared, those detonations violent beyond human endurance, would never cease."

But all this high explosive was not the real attack; it was only the preparation. When all was chaos, then came the real attack—by poison gas.

"The bombs still hurtled, more rapidly indeed than ever, from the sky, but their descent no longer terminated in explosion. They struck in a glass-like brittle smash, splashed walls and pavements with a yellow fluid. The streets ran with it.

What war will be like

"And those still out in the open found themselves choking in an atmosphere that burned their throats, found their limbs being burned as by corrosive acid.

"Hour after hour that rain continued—continued until the searchlights were extinguished and the last anti-aircraft battery had ceased to fire—continued till the conflagration-lit streets of the city were silent and deserted, and only those fortunate inhabitants huddled in the upper rooms of lofty buildings were immune and capable of effort."

I have quoted this description at such length

for two good reasons: because it is written by a great journalist, who was through the last war himself, who has studied warfare ever since, and who knows therefore what he is talking about, and because I have been told by experts that the book from which it is an extract is by far the soundest, the most technically accurate, and the most trustworthy description of what the next war will be like.

"Too horrible to contemplate"

And when I say "experts" I mean military experts, soldiers, men who hold or have held some of the highest positions of responsibility, men who found their opinion on the changes, the inventions, the developments of the present day.

Does anyone believe that this description I have quoted is an exaggeration of the truth? Let him consider a few of the public declarations of soldiers and statesmen in responsible positions in recent years.

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, has told us, not once but often, that the next war will be a war in the air, that it will be "a war on civilisation itself," that it affords "a terrible and repulsive picture," and one "too horrible to contemplate."

Sir Hugh Trenchard, the present Chief of the Air Staff, has told us that if he could have his way, airman though he is, he would abolish aviation altogether, because the harm it can do in war may be so infinitely greater than the service it can render in peace.

General Groves, who was Director of Air Operations on all fronts in 1918, when air-warfare was at its height, has told us that the aerial gas bombardments of the next war "might entail the loss of millions of lives in the course of a few hours."

Major Lefebure, the eminent authority on gas warfare in all its forms, said as long ago as 1921 that it would even then have been quite practical by means of gas bombardment from the air to put out of action half a million people in such a city as London in a single night.

Defence impossible

General Fries, the American Army chemist, has told us, in a standard scientific textbook, that the burns from a quantity of the new gas "Lewisite," equivalent to no more than three drops, "will usually cause death" with whatever part of the body it may come in contact.

General Fries adds the encouraging information that a country such as the United States could manufacture Lewisite to the tune of thousands of tons per month.

Or take, as perhaps even more striking than the words of these official spokesmen, the evidence of a man who would probably not repudiate the allegation that he is a die-hard militarist of the old school.

Lord Halsbury was formerly Assistant-Inspector of High Explosives at the Ministry of Munitions; he, too, therefore, knows what he is talking about. A week or two ago he wrote an article entitled "The Poison Gas War that is Coming."

He asserts as quite indisputable that in this war "an attack will be made upon the civilian population," that the old distinction between civilians and combatants will be wiped out. He asserts that to convert a vil aeroplane into "an effective bombing machine" involves no difficulties of any kind.

He asserts that "a determined (air) attack will get through any defences known at present"—



Mr. Philip J. Noel Baker, M.A.

that is, that real defence against air attack is quite impossible; and he tells us that "this is not denied by anyone who has studied the question."

No second chances

He goes on to say that of course gas bombardment would be the weapon used; that only 2,000 tons of phosgene gas would be required to create a lethal atmosphere over the whole of the vital areas of London.

Further, he quotes an official War Office Memorandum which tells us that "Arsenical warfare gases . . . are readily dispersed in the form of an intensely irritant smoke," and that "a substance in this very fine particulate form can remain suspended in the air for an immense time."

He adds that this is how the next war is going to begin, and that in the next war no second chances will be given.

Put it all together in your mind, and make a picture of it, this "next war," which Lord Halsbury is so sure is coming. Remember that every war between big Powers will almost inevitably involve the world at large. Remember that the biggest raid on London in the last war was carried out by thirty-six aircraft, as against the hundreds, or indeed the thousands, that might now be used.

Think of the new high-explosive bombs, infinitely larger and infinitely more destructive than any shell that has ever been invented. Think of the new incendiary bombs, that start fires which water cannot put out, against which any fire brigade would be quite helpless.

The peoples' choice

Think of the new gases, the contact of which on any part of the skin kills and kills at once. Remember that every expert is agreed that it is impossible to defend the civilian population against such attack as this.

And then ask yourself what you are going to do about it. Lord Halsbury began his article with the assertion that "apart from the somnambulists of Geneva and Locarno no man believes in his heart of hearts that war has disappeared."

Are the peoples really of that mind? Are they really for collective suicide? for the destruction of the civilisation our fathers so slowly and so painfully built up?

It is for them to choose. For if they will it, the next war of Lord Halsbury's nauseating prediction need never come.

Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

To H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G., K.T.
Piccadilly, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—This is the seventh successive year your camp has been held at New Romney, and in drawing together 500 boys taken from all walks of life—labour, industrial, professional and aristocratic—you are performing a work of real national importance, breaking down the artificial barriers of life at the right time of youth that will lead to mutual understanding in the future. "Comradeship" is the magic word which makes for mutual respect and liking. I would there were many more such happy gatherings up and down the land, and that many others with opportunity would follow your splendid example.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—I am convinced that relief works for the unemployed reduce employment in other directions, thus doing more harm than good," you told Parliament. I am convinced that they have this effect only when engineered by politicians lacking imagination and whose desire to solve this grave problem is over-ridden by outside considerations. The acknowledgment that you cannot hit on a satisfactory plan to benefit many and harm none is merely a confession of incompetence.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD LINCOLNSHIRE, K.G.,
High Wycombe, Bucks.

MY LORD,—You say truly that we need as Minister of Agriculture a man of vision and courage. You have at least shown the former in promoting small holdings as one way of getting the people back to the land. But what is really needed is for the country to realise that the land is the source of all wealth and power and to insist upon a thorough reform of our out-of-date land system. When that point is arrived at a Minister of vision and courage will follow as a matter of course.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir HARRY LAUDER,
Lauderdale, Dunoon.

DEAR SIR HARRY,—Your wife has been called to the higher service, and you, whose mainstay behind the scenes she was, are left desolate. Yet not altogether. The man with power to make all the world laugh, and for a while forget its drabness and its sorrows, will not be forgotten in his tears. You have the world's sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WALTER GREAVES-LORD, K.C.,
Recorder of Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—In dealing with the case of a nineteen-year-old youth charged with stealing a bicycle, you stated that you cannot understand why magistrates persist in sending boys to prison, as this is the one way to perpetuate "criminal classes." This is sound sense and I hope magistrates up and down the country will have enough wit to take it to heart.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, Ph.D.,
Director of the Carnegie Endowment.

DEAR SIR,—I welcome you to the growing League of Optimists, of whom I claim to be first. You believe that war can be outlawed, not by passing pious resolutions, but by every nation developing among its fellow peoples the will to peace. It then follows that the respective Governments will develop the habit of peace as in the past they have had the savage and primitive habit of war.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HERBERT SMITH,
President, Miners' Federation.

DEAR SIR,—Your tribute to miners is well deserved. They are true-hearted and big-hearted men. But I doubt your diagnosis when you say the miner has a bigger regard for the public than the public has for him. Mass opinion is too often too inert, and the country waits for the Government to do sometime what it ought to insist upon being done at once—that is, tackle the problem of coal in statesmanlike fashion, and see that the miner gets justice. Sympathy without action is barren.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss LILIAN BAYLIS, M.A.,
Stockwell Park Road, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—You enthroned culture and beauty when you say that there would be no "coal strike" if the workers were within reach of beautiful plays, such as those of Shakespeare. At first sight that seems frivolous. But if miners and others who do the rough, hard work of the world were always within "reach of beautiful plays," it would mean that their hours of labour, remuneration, houses and social conditions were ideal. So perhaps you are right.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut-Commander J. H. CRAINE,
Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—The average weekly wage of the sea-going engineer is about £3 10s., for which he has to work anything from sixty hours upwards or, as you put it, he is remunerated at the munificent rate of a bob an hour. For this he is practically cut off from industrial protection, and often has to live surrounded by filth and under unhygienic conditions. Small wonder so many efficient seamen are seeking employment upon the kindlier element.

JOHN BULL.

To BROTHER FRANCIS,
Franciscan Monk, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

DEAR BROTHER,—You are a familiar figure upon the Thames Embankment, where it is your joy to distribute food and bed-tickets amongst the hungry and the homeless at night. It is your ambition to found a home for the down-and-outs, and though there are already admirable and similar philanthropic societies, there is, alas, ample room for you. May the great Friend of the Poor prosper your undertakings!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. A. LASSEN,
Yarn Merchant, Bradford.

DEAR SIR,—I trust you have taken the biting criticism of Sir Patrick Hastings and the scathing condemnation of Mr. Justice MacKinnon to heart. You did your damndest to wreck a woman's life, and then sought to excuse your folly and perfidy by seeking to brand her as a criminal. Though I am told you are an ex-champion at golf, what you don't know about cricket would fill a big book.

JOHN BULL.

To M. ALBERT THOUAILLE,
Victoria Street, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—Your account of the work done in Leeds by the Rev. J. de Savignon pleases me. For eight years he has taught many of the poorest children in the Council Schools French, and hundreds of British children have learned their neighbour's language who otherwise could not have afforded such education. Now he proposes to take a number of his scholars to his native land on a visit. The scheme must receive full support, for only through such personal intercourse shall we achieve international friendship.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

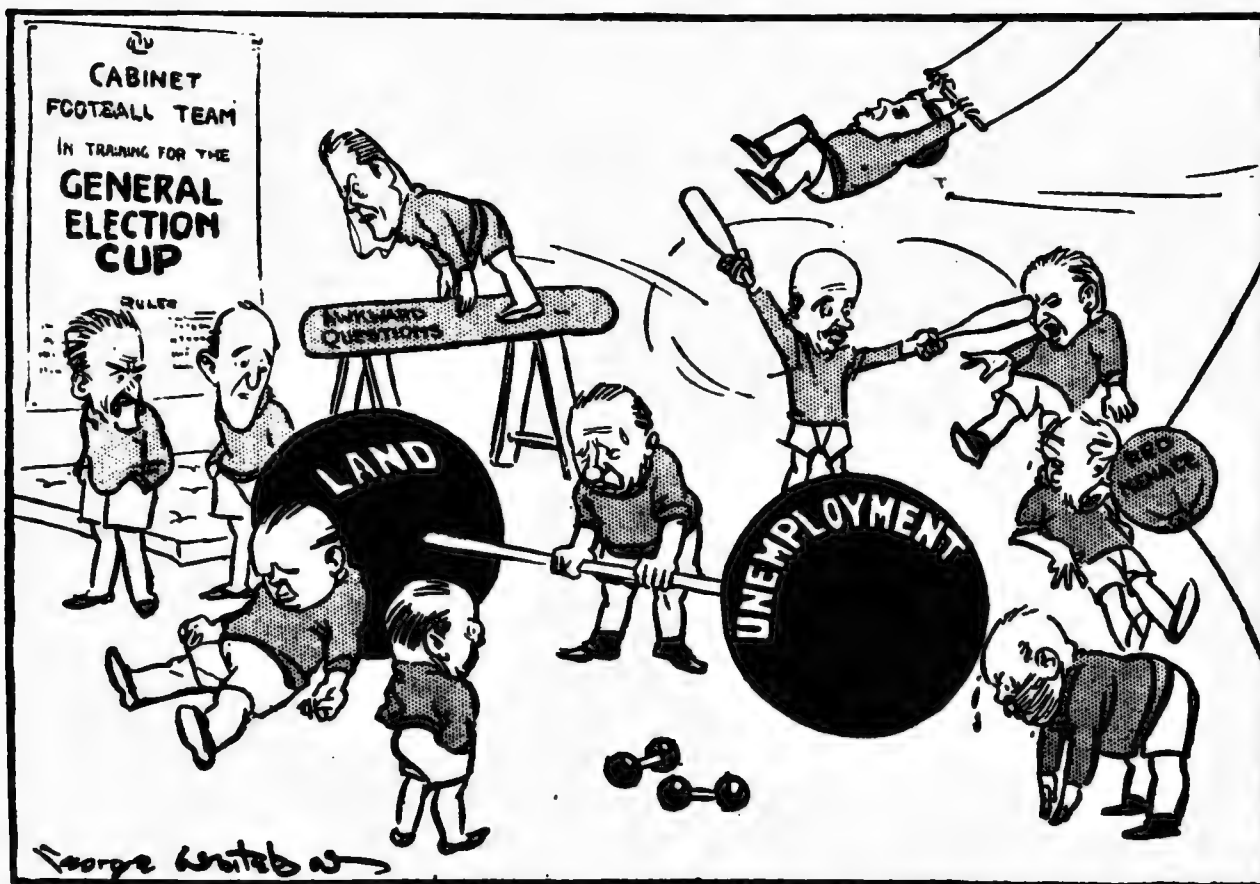
MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "I have never believed in painting things better than they really are."
No excuse for being content with things worse than they really need be.

FATHER RONALD KNOX: "A selfish age, the demand to-day is for a house with a small nursery and a large garage."
As a bachelor, of course you would naturally know!

MR. J. H. THOMAS: "The industrial and political situation is not happy. I am frankly apprehensive and seriously disturbed."

Good. The only real danger to peace at home and abroad is he who is not apprehensive and too lazy to be disturbed.

SIR HUGH BELL: "We are almost the servants of the machines we have invented for our use."
Only men already machines will be content to be mastered by machinery.



Mr. BALDWIN: "Mine is a man's job."

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A MAN'S JOB

THE RUDDER WORKS THE WHEEL

Mr. Baldwin's Last Chance

IT is a common failing of men who find themselves in positions of great responsibility that after a time they seem to lose all sense of values.

That is why it is perhaps a very good thing that Mr. Baldwin has gone to Canada for a time, for from that distance he may see his country and his country's problems in better proportion than he has been doing of late.

No Prime Minister of England ever set out with better intentions than Mr. Baldwin. None ever had higher ideals.

But, paradoxical though it may sound, it is not the slightest use being an idealist unless you are also a strong man, for the idealist will always find plenty of other people ready and anxious to prevent him treading the path he has marked out for himself.

This has been Mr. Baldwin's lot. If Mr. Baldwin had the strength to lay down the law to his Cabinet with a heavy hand we do not doubt for one moment that he would have succeeded in changing the face of England during his tenure of office.

UNFORTUNATELY, he has allowed himself to be pulled this way and that, to be swayed by every breath of dissension that blew through his Cabinet councils, and to watch with an amazement that we fancy has turned to cynicism the attempts of an exceptionally unruly team to destroy every effort he has made for the betterment of his fellow-countrymen.

There is no problem that he set himself to solve that has been solved, and yet nothing could be more true than the words he recently addressed to a Canadian club at Montreal.

"I have not," he said, "been in Canada long enough to know what you think about Great Britain. But if anybody tells you or you read anywhere that Great Britain is decadent in any way, that is the biggest mistake in the world to-day."

"We have our difficulties, and I do not minimise

them, but there has never been a time when Great Britain has shouldered her burdens more manfully or has been more determined to progress than to-day."

That was a sentiment that gave, and gave deservedly, the lie to all the pessimists and croakers who delight in telling the world that Great Britain is going to the dogs.

There is nothing whatever wrong with the people of this country. What is wrong is that they are not allowed to develop those qualities which have enabled them to overcome well-nigh insuperable difficulties time and again since the war.

THERE is nothing whatever wrong with Britain.

But what is wrong is Britain's statesmanship. It is just as well that Mr. Baldwin, from the distance of half the world, can see with so clear an eye the sterling qualities of the people whose destinies he holds in his hands.

It is not too much to hope that before he returns he will have completed the picture by getting a very clear realisation of where his duty lies and of the means whereby he can retrieve a rapidly fading reputation. He can do it if he will only show the same strength in action as he does in words.

There is not a single problem holding up the prosperity of this country that could not be solved within a very short space of time if the Prime Minister refused to allow the wreckers of his Party to influence his policy.

Times without number Mr. Baldwin has given the strongest evidence of seeing with devastating clearness the way out from the tangle. It is a tragedy that he has not yet summoned sufficient courage to take his beliefs in both hands and hack his way to victory.

In the same speech from which we have quoted he said that his was "a man's job." We would urge him to come back from Canada determined to tackle it as a man should.

PRIGS ON THE PROWL

A WELL-FOUNDED GROUSE

MR. R. G. CLARRY, Member for Newport, is one among an increasing number of M.P.s who feel concerned at the growing number of inspectors being appointed in this country.

The uneasiness is not confined to the House of Commons. The man in the street who, after all, is the person providing the salaries and incidental expenses attached to these appointments, is asking Mr. Clarry's question: "Is there any means of reducing the number of inspectors now appointed by the State?"

For the disquieting fact is this: While we are now far and away the most inspected country in the world, we are a very long way from being the best managed.

We have no particular objection to Government inspection; as such. It is, most unfortunately, true that, in present conditions, far more social abuses would exist if there was no inspection to ferret them out and insist upon the law being observed.

We need go no further than the periodical reports of medical officers of health for proof of that. Food adulteration is pretty bad as it is. What it would be like if all inspection ceased baffles imagination.

So with sanitary matters, overcrowding, evasions, failure of notification of infectious illness, and the like.

Thus it is essential that when regulations become

common law, and more especially those framed to control the social side of human wrongdoing, some method shall be found of ensuring they are obeyed.

At present the appointment of inspectors to go round and see for themselves what is happening appears the most expeditious way. But that does not mean that the country has no further interest in the matter. More than 48,000 inspectors are now employed by the Government and local authorities at a cost of more than £12,000,000 annually, and their number is being steadily increased.

Every bit of social legislation automatically produces a new crop of inspectors—sometimes a whole regiment of new inspectors—to see it carried into effect. The trouble is that too many inspectorial duties are allowed to overlap.

If a large employer of labour receives, as has been stated, in one week visits from twelve inspectors, many of whom are investigating closely related matters, something is plainly wrong. The plain citizen, taxed to defray the expenses, is not being fairly treated.

The taxpayer has a right to demand that wherever co-ordination of duties is possible it shall be undertaken. He must insist that no fresh armies of bureaucratic officials be appointed unless absolute plain necessity arises.



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.,
Prime Minister

A TERRIBLE TRAIL

Who Cares?

THE holidays, like every other great national event in these days, are being marked chiefly not by pleasure, recreation and happiness, but by a terrible trail of accident and death resembling guerilla warfare.

Even the King has been constrained to speak of it. "It has," he said, "become more obvious every day that to minimise the complications and dangers of road traffic is one of the most urgent problems affecting those engaged in commercial pursuits and in facilitating the hard-earned recreations of the people."

To that grave warning we add another. There must be a change of attitude on the part of the general public, those who daily and hourly carelessly expose themselves to imminent risk.

For there is nothing gained by blinking the fact that carelessness is one great cause of this ceaseless stream of mutilation and death.

"I should have informed the switch man to cut off the current but I did not," was the confession of a station electrician at the inquest on Lawrence Myers, killed while examining a motor pump in the tunnel of the Post Office tube.

The wagon should have been more carefully loaded, but was not, and Manchester a woman was thrown under a train and robbed of limbs and all possibility of bodily activity for the rest of her stricken life.

The same on the roads. Too many senseless risks are taken. The danger of leisurely strolling on highways with nothing more dangerous than an occasional cart or horse and trap was to be avoided are gone.

The times have changed. Machinery has everywhere replaced animal motor power. We live fast. We cannot set back the clock.

But there is no need to live recklessly. Life is a trust. To throw away is folly. It is incumbent on workmen, drivers and pedestrians alike to check all death-dealing carelessness.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

A Million People Lost

by A. G. GARDINER

STILL over a million unemployed, and yet the Government does nothing! Is it waiting for a lead? If so, our contributor points out two ways by which relief may be found. Perhaps, however, they are too practical and simple!

shire 3, and in London, as a whole, only 4.2; but these places are not where the wealth and prosperity of Britain are made. It is in the great industrial centres—coal, iron, cotton—that our greatness has been built up, and it is here that it is threatened.

Unemployment in Manchester has reached the almost incredible figure of 49 per cent. In Durham County, as a whole, it is 20 per cent., in some parts of the county 40 per cent., and even 50 per cent. South Wales is the same. In Merthyr Tydfil the figure is 41.2 per cent.

And where it is not actual unemployment it is under-employment. The Lancashire weavers, says Mr. Tom Shaw, "scarcely ever know what it is to receive a full week's wages. They are really beginning to wonder whether this country will ever recover again."

It would be absurd to blame the Government for all this. If a company of archangels were in power, instead of persons like Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, who are somewhat "lower than the angels," this disaster would still be with us in some measure. But that fact does not justify the inertia of these years during which nothing drastic has been done to modify the evil.

Unjust burden

Relief is necessary, but it is no cure. Indeed, the longer we have a large proportion of the population living on "doles" the worse the evil becomes. Nor is emigration a cure. The small dribbles of men who are being trained for Canadian and Australian farm work do not touch the fringe of the trouble. If there is a cure, it must be found at home.

I do not pretend that I know the cure. I even doubt whether there is a cure apart from the influence of time and the slowly returning stabilisation of the world. But there are things to be done and alleviations to be made.

I think, for example, the Government should deal with the crushing burden that has fallen on the rates of the depressed areas. It is cruel

and unjust that the areas which suffer most from unemployment should be left to pay while more prosperous districts which escape the plague escape also the financial burden of the plague.

And there is the question of juvenile labour. Would it not be better, when there is not enough work to go round, to cut off the competition for that labour at both ends? The cheap labour of the child is one of the causes of the unemployment of the adult.

Disbanded army

The boy is sent out at fourteen to compete in the labour market and he is employed because and while he is cheap. But at eighteen he is turned adrift because he is no longer cheap.

Mr. Johnston said in the debate that in his constituency of Dundee 95 per cent. of the boys and girls get discharged when they reach eighteen, and there is no further employment for them.

If the school age were raised it would substantially relieve the present evil, and I do not think that any reasonable person can doubt that it would be better for the State to spend money on educating and disciplining its children than in paying "doles" to unemployed adults.

And at the other end of the scale there is competition that might well be diminished. There are 800,000 men and women of sixty-five and over employed in industry to-day.

"You have got the children working," said Mr. Johnston, "and you have got the old working, while the able-bodied in between are starving at the employment exchanges, drawing a miserably insufficient average of £1 a week 'dole' as unemployment benefit."

I am not sure that if we prolonged the years of education at one end and hastened pensions at the other we should not save money by the transaction in cutting down the "dole."

But whether that is so or not, we should certainly increase employment for the able-bodied, and in doing so help to disband the Lost Million of British Industry.

JUST before Parliament rose there was a debate in the House of Commons to which I think I ought to call the attention of my readers. It concerned what I may call the Lost Million of British Industry.

Since the post-war depression that set in in 1920, and has continued ever since, I have never taken a cheerless view of our future.

When an earthquake has shaken a city to the ground there is always a long period of discomfort and disturbance, and when the convulsion of the war had shattered human society it was to be expected that years would pass before we had cleared away the wreckage and rebuilt a habitable and prosperous civilisation.

We are still all scrambling out of the wreckage of the war years, and I see no reason to fear that when the ordeal is over we shall not regain our old prosperity.

Nation's nightmare

That having been said, the fact remains that our industry is still stagnant and that our dead load of unemployment is unrelieved. We had more than a million unemployed when Mr. Baldwin came into power three years ago, and we have over a million to-day.

It is this Lost Million of British Industry which is our nightmare. Until we have absorbed it we cannot recover national health, and the fact that in these years the Government has done nothing to diminish the evil is at all events a reasonable ground for the attacks made on it.

The ugliest feature of the evil is that it is worst in the most important spheres—in the great staple industries of the country. Those industries are coal, iron and steel, engineering, shipbuilding, and cotton and wool. They have been in the past pillars of our temple, and if our temple is to stand those pillars must stand.

The road to ruin

It is no use to say, as a representative of the Government said, that the motor industry and artificial silk are thriving, that High Wycombe is doing well, and that the distributive trades are prospering. That is excellent; but this country cannot survive on the manufacture of motors and artificial silk, and on the prosperity of the drapers' shops in Oxford Street.

Theatres may be full to the doors in London, but if factories are empty in Lancashire and pits are closed in Durham all day, we are on the road to ruin.

I am glad to hear that unemployment in Buckinghamshire is only 2 per cent., in Cambridge-

Workers are suffering from the divided interests of their leaders. They rightly object when the job for which they pay is sadly neglected

I RECEIVED a letter from a trade union official a few days ago which suggested that its writer was puzzled because the rank and file are apparently losing



Mr. A. F. Holt

interest in their trade unions. I replied that if he would only get into closer touch with the rank and file of his own union he would no longer be puzzled.

The majority of union members have never taken more than a tepid interest in the affairs of their respective unions, but at the moment many of them are dissatisfied with their officials. It seems to have occurred to them to take a dislike to the type of man who

climbs into a trade union office with the fixed idea of using that office as a jumping-off spot for a political career.

The wonder is that the members have stood it so

long. They pay some presidents and all general secretaries and organisers generous salaries for what are supposed to be whole-time jobs, and the officials jump at the first chance of becoming Parliamentary candidates.

Either these offices are whole-time jobs or they are not. If the duties can be efficiently carried out by half-timers, then why salaries at the full-time rate?

If, on the other hand, the positions are intended for full-timers, how can the duties be efficiently performed by men who are M.P.s, and perhaps members of a town council, of the T.U.C., of an international, and heaven knows what besides?

TO the man at the bench the truth seems to be that a public career conflicts with efficiency as a union official. I hear more vitriolic things said, in ordinary conversation, about union officials by their own members than any I have heard or read from the pens or tongues of the worst of the die-hards.

The men don't, as a rule, worry much about officials when trade is good. The officials are on velvet. Men drift back into the unions instead of away from them. Employers making profits are

Costly

Sir Wm.'s Soiled Goods

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE Post Office is a public institution run so'e'y for the convenience of the public. It is up to the public to see that the Postmaster-General earns his money by providing it with what it wants

MY readers will remember that a few weeks ago I drew their attention to a remarkably good life assurance scheme run by the Government through the post offices.

In view of the way in which helpless people in their millions are tricked and deluded by the industrial assurance companies it is nothing short of a crying scandal that the Government persistently refuses to make its own scheme known.

I was so impressed with the equity and the advantages of this scheme that I thought it should be made as widely known to the public as possible, and since the Postmaster-General did not seem inclined to advertise the goods he is in office to sell, I tried to help him.

I wrote to him and offered to give him, free of all charge, six half-page advertisements in JOHN BULL, so that this insurance scheme could be made known immediately to millions of British taxpayers.

I had expected that the Postmaster-General would either accept my offer or refuse it. I under-estimated the "diplomacy" of a Cabinet Minister.

Masterly "get-out"

No Cabinet Minister ever says Yes or No to anything, and the "get out" of Sir William Mitchell-Thomson is a masterpiece of its kind. He sent me the following letter:

"With reference to your letter on the subject of the Post Office life assurance scheme, I am desired by the Postmaster-General, while thanking you for your proffered help, to draw your attention to an answer given by him in the House of Commons on this matter, of which I enclose a copy. In the circumstances he is precluded from availing himself of the kind offer contained in your letter."

Very nice of him to call it a kind offer! But in view of the colossal suffering and misery being caused to people who wish to put a little bit on one side for a rainy day simply because they are not told of the ease and safety with which they can do this under the complete security of the

British Government, I cannot say that Sir William Mitchell-Thomson makes me throw out my chest with any degree of pride.

What was the answer in the House of Commons to which he drew my attention? Simply that Major Edmondson asked him whether "in view of the starting of national contributory pensions he is prepared to continue accepting new business under the Post Office Insurance Scheme."

And the Postmaster-General replied: "The matter is under the consideration of the Government, and I am unable at present to make any statement."

Barefaced swindle

Beautifully clear and entirely unilluminating, is it not? Nevertheless, I will help Sir William Mitchell-Thomson despite himself, and I will draw the attention of my readers once more with all the emphasis at my command to the fact that at any post office in the country it is possible to effect a life assurance with a minimum of formality and a maximum of security.

To anyone who is contemplating taking out an industrial assurance policy I would in all seriousness urge them not to do so until they have made their local post office produce for their inspection particulars of the Government scheme.

If all the readers of JOHN BULL who wish to take out an insurance policy demanded this information from their post offices, it would not be long before the Postmaster-General would wake up to the fact that it was necessary to bring his printed matter up to date, and instruct his officials to see that all the necessary information was available on demand.

How necessary it is that people who wish to insure should be protected to the fullest possible degree is shown by one of the worst cases that has ever passed through my hands.

In 1918 a Mr. George Haskins, of Bristol, commenced to pay contributions to one of the big industrial assurance companies for the purchase of



The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Mitchell-Thomson, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

"war stock" on the definite understanding that 5 per cent. compound interest would accrue on all moneys paid.

As JOHN BULL readers now know, the great war stock fraud has never had its equal for barefaced impudent swindling. Mr. Haskins backed a loser from the first. That he did not lose is due solely to the fact that he brought his troubles to JOHN BULL a week or two ago.

Buying a pup

In order to make it appear that Mr. Haskins was really purchasing war stock five certificates were issued to him at the beginning, but some time after, as usual, the industrial assurance policies were delivered.

Mr. Haskins became painfully aware that he had been sold a pup. After paying in contributions the sum of £304 Mr. Haskins got on his hind legs and applied for the return of his money, together with 5 per cent. compound interest.

He was offered £280! Mr. Haskins thereupon wrote to the JOHN BULL Industrial Assurance Bureau which promptly took the matter up on his behalf. To-day Mr. Haskins is in possession of £371 in full settlement of his claim, being the amount of money he had paid in contributions plus 5 per cent. compound interest.

Could anything be clearer proof of the damnable uneasy consciences from which these great robber companies must be suffering?

Shop-soiled stock

The case of Mr. Haskins is one of thousands, and yet the Postmaster-General, with a weapon in his hands which would protect these poor people from frauds of this nature, refuses to make the least use of it.

One of my readers who wished to look into this matter for himself applied at his post office for a proposal form. He was handed a form printed in 1902, a form so dirty and disreputable looking that, as he rightly says, anyone would be ashamed to use it.

If Sir William Mitchell-Thomson cannot do his job properly and advertise his wares, he can at least do his job better than he is doing now and see that the stock is fresh and not shop-soiled in a most disgusting manner.

And after all he might remember that, although he is Postmaster-General, he is a servant of the British public and that his salary comes out of the pockets of the British taxpayers. This being so, the least he can do is to see that he earns his salary and gives the taxpayers a fair return for their money.

Gasbags

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

easier to approach than the same men making losses. Officials may then succeed in getting a "rise" for their members, and by so doing show that they are earning what the members pay them.

IT is very different after a long period of bad trade. To-day one hears this kind of thing: "We pay So-and-so twenty quid a week. He gads up and down the country spouting, but what the hell does he do for us?"

That question is being asked in a thousand different forms in a thousand different places every day. It is having its effect. Union members don't pay their officials for looking after the affairs of a nation or of a Party or even of trade unionism. They pay them for looking after the interests of the members of the particular union which employs them.

The members know that the benefits their union contributions are supposed to cover are uncertain. The only people who are certain to benefit are the officials. And so members are getting "fed up" with their unions.

It is here that the effect of the officials' pre-occupation with political work is seen. Bad trade shows up the inefficient union organisation. Its

officials have no real grip on the rank-and-file. They have also lost much of their influence over branch officials, who may themselves have lost heart, and many of whom have no reason to love their official leaders simply because too many suffer from swollen heads and so are apt to treat with scant courtesy the very men who keep them.

It ought to be made the rule that each official must devote all the time he is paid for to the interests of his own union. Frank Hodges had to resign his office in the Miners' Federation on his election to Parliament.

THAT ought to be made the rule with every union, and the rule ought to be extended to include election to towns or city councils or any public or private work the doing of which would break into the official's working day.

The unions could and should continue to finance the candidatures of selected members who desired to enter labour politics, but for their officials they ought to have men who will put their own trade and their own union first; who will concentrate their energies on the interests of the men who pay them instead of squandering them over the whole field of political labour.



He Sleeps like a Child

Sleep is the finest medicine in the world. If you can sleep calmly and soundly for seven or eight hours, you will always wake up alert and vigorous, your whole body revitalised by the refreshing influence of peaceful slumber.

If you can't, there is something wrong with your internal system. If you are tied down to the busy life of the city, your liver and kidneys lose their vigour, impurities find their way into your blood stream, the tone of your entire system is lowered and depression, constipation and a hundred and one ills follow, bringing troubled nights in their train.

Kruschen Salts will alter this.

As much as will lie on a sixpence every morning, tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea, will provide just the gentle reminder that your eliminating organs need. It is a full day's supply of the six mineral salts, which Nature prescribes for your well being. You will enjoy every moment of the day, and when night comes you will seek your bed in the calm and happy state of mind and body that makes for sound, refreshing sleep.

It's the little daily dose that does it!

Kruschen Salts



Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s. and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.



Tasteless in Tea.

BLUFFER BROUGHT TO BOOK

AN IMPUDENT LIBEL ACTION

The Torchlight Tootle-oo!

THE disclosures here made would have been given some time ago but for the fact that the individual concerned cunningly set up a temporary shield by launching a truculent action against us for libel.

But this piece of bravado has only served to delay the evil day, for the action has now been dismissed for want of prosecution.

The gentleman in question is Mr. Thomas Montgomery Sylvester, though on occasion he has dropped the Sylvester and has operated as Thomas Montgomery.

For at least twenty years he has figured in shady variety—usually circus—productions, which, for the most part, have cost his victims dearly.

His general procedure has been to form a limited liability company and, through its medium, get together a number of financial backers.

An early start

It was his habit to stress the fact that he had been in the business practically all his life, starting at the early age of six as a bare-back rider, and eventually gaining pre-eminence as "the champion jockey-act rider of the world, serving with many of the old-time but then famous circuses."

With inspiring reminiscences of this kind, he would induce the inexperienced backers to put up large sums of money for schemes which, according to him, "could never, never go wrong."

The security he offered to investors would take the form of shares in the particular company of the moment; but in most cases it is regrettable to record that the ventures failed miserably and the shares were consequently worthless, the shareholders therefore thus losing their capital.

Sylvester, however, was apparently the only one who really benefited by these schemes. Though his backers seldom knew anything of the business, the organiser did, and he took good care that he drew a good salary from each company so long as it lasted.

We are able to trace one of his first company ventures back to 1906, when Sylvester was the leading light of a concern known as the Maidstone Empire Theatre Company, Ltd., which was formed to conduct "music-halls, concerts, hippodromes, dramatic performances, etc."

Short life

This concern, however, was a short-lived one.

His next venture was known as Sylvester's Hippodromes Syndicate, Ltd., which was formed in 1907 with Sylvester at the helm.

A number of people invested substantial sums of money in this company, but, as in the former instance we have cited, it was wound up in a remarkably short space of time.

Apart from the debenture-holders

there was little for the unsecured creditors.

Then came the National Entertainments, Ltd., registered in 1912, and housed, as former concerns had been, in offices in Piccadilly.

An earl, one general, one rear admiral, one colonel and a retired captain were amongst the investors in this company, which drew sums running into thousands from a number of misguided people.

But National Entertainments, Ltd., went the way of other ventures controlled by Sylvester, and in the end it was wound up by a compulsory order of the court.

Here, again, the liabilities were very heavy.

After this came "Cinema Circus and Varieties, Ltd.," and again



Mr. Sylvester

Sylvester was the leading light. Again ex-officers were prevailed upon to invest their savings.

Again the venture proved a dismal failure, ending ignominiously in liquidation.

Lamentable list

The last-named company was followed by "Sylvester's Circuses and Exhibitions, Ltd.," formed in 1919 with the object of "conducting and carrying on travelling and other circuses, shows, cinemas, exhibitions, etc."

By this time Piccadilly had been forsaken for offices in Haymarket, but the change of scene did not spell a change of methods. The new venture eventually shared the same fate, and was "dissolved" by the Board of Trade, with heavy losses to the investors.

This long succession of reverses did not perturb the resourceful Sylvester in the least. He formed further concerns with an easy carelessness.

Perhaps his most impudent venture was carried out just after the great military tattoo had scored such a wonderful success at Wembley.

The papers had been full of it, and

thousands of visitors had gone back to the provinces talking about the inspiring spectacle that they had witnessed in the great Stadium.

Here, thought Sylvester, was a splendid opportunity for stealing the thunder of really successful organisers, and he promptly endeavoured to interest investors in his own "Touring Torchlight Tattoo."

Successful war-tag

Unfortunately for him, JOHN BULL got wind of his activities, and though he was then operating as plain T. Montgomery, we immediately recognised the hand of Thomas Montgomery Sylvester.

We told our readers why the Touring Torchlight Tattoo would probably end in complete disaster for any who were so unwise as to listen to the tempting tales of "Mr. Montgomery."

Our warning was issued in time, for the working board, composed of ex-officers of the Army and Navy, immediately resigned, and Sylvester, finding the bottom knocked out of his scheme, sought to save his face by issuing a writ.

The formal language of his statement of claim spoke of "his leading position in the profession." Our article, he contended, had greatly injured him and he had suffered in character and reputation!

That was nearly two years ago, and though we waited patiently for Mr. Sylvester to proceed he did nothing.

As a result of his silence, the action has been struck out, and we have been awarded costs. Whether we shall ever get them or not is another matter.

At any rate, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our timely exposure was instrumental in saving a great number of potential investors from disaster.

Some idea of the ruthless attitude of Mr. Sylvester towards his dupes may be gained from the experience of a number of artistes whom he stranded at Lowestoft only a few years ago.

Not so laudable

A travelling circus show had come to grief, and Sylvester, assuming an air of great self-denial, handed the entire circus over to the performers in settlement of his obligation. They were told that they could run it themselves and share the profits.

This seemingly laudable gesture soon took on a different complexion when the unhappy artistes discovered that the big tent and special seating accommodation essential to the circus did not belong to Sylvester at all.

It had merely been hired, and was consequently of no value at all as security!

With the foregoing facts before them, our readers will understand why Sylvester's penny-squib action against JOHN BULL fizzled out.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN'S SECRET

Broadmoor Doctor's Stinging Words

THERE was a time in this humane and Christian land when victims of mental disorder were flogged to the point of exhaustion, and otherwise savagely tortured, by brutal asylum attendants.

Of course, we have outgrown such horrible barbarities. But we still punish the insane.

Not, it may be said, unless they transgress the criminal law, but that is the crux of the whole matter. Weak-witted persons do habitually transgress the law.

They either have no effective sense of right or wrong, or they are unable to control those anti-social impulses which normal citizens can without difficulty hold in check.

Faured defence

And the law's doctrine in regard to insanity is primitive and barbarous. It was laid down in a case that occurred in 1843, and has not been altered since.

The wonderful developments of modern mental science, the latest medical discoveries regarding brain disorders, are of no account in the criminal courts. To be "insane" in the eyes of English law a man or woman must be as insensate and irresponsible as a brute beast.

As a result, the defence of insanity is seldom pleaded, except in charges of murder.

It is no exaggeration to say that there are few more terrible sentences a judge can pass than that a prisoner shall be "detained during His Majesty's pleasure" as a criminal lunatic.

It has been stated upon the highest authority that, if we leave out women who have murdered their babies during puerperal mania following childbirth, only one prisoner in 150 ever obtains release from Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum.

Shameful conclusion

It was a superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum, Dr. David Nicholson, who gave it as his opinion that, if the law of criminal insanity, as it stands, had been rigidly applied, it would have been the means of hanging, or at least of sending to penal servitude, half the women detained under his care for murdering their children.

Small wonder the defence of insanity is seldom pleaded in answer to charges of theft, violence or indecency. Yet in very many cases it is the only defence which satisfactorily explains the conduct of the accused.

There is no escape from the conclusion that every day persons of feeble intellect and uncontrollable impulse are being sent to herd with felons in the common jails.

In these columns, not many weeks ago, we dealt with the terrible after-effects of *Encephalitis lethargica*, or "sleepy sickness," quoting



The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, whose department is responsible for the administration of criminal lunatic asylums

the complaints of judges that there were no institutions, other than prison asylums, to which these unhappy victims could be sent.

But the same is true of all the milder forms of mental disorder which may, and do, as every experienced doctor knows, result in abnormalities of conduct inviting the attention of the police.

Judicial scepticism

There is a marked association, for example, between epilepsy and theft.

At the West London Police Court the other day Eva Crickman, a middle-aged widow, pleaded guilty to stealing finery from a West End store. The magistrate was fully aware of the woman's long epileptic history, but would not hear of it as an excuse for her crime.

He "did not believe that this kind of case could be attributed to epilepsy." He sentenced the accused to six months' hard labour.

Yet in his remarkable book, "The Psychology of the Criminal," Dr. M. Hamblin Smith, the medical officer of Birmingham Prison, ranks epilepsy among the principal predisposing causes of crime.

He says: "Many epileptics are, by reason of their disease, specially prone to fall into delinquency. This may be a sound reason for not punishing them, but it is also a reason for placing them under care and control."

Exactly: care and control, but not lifelong incarceration in a criminal lunatic asylum.

MY UPS AND DOWNS

By "BOB" SIEVIER

See "The People" on Sunday.

What is needed in such cases, and in the majority of cases of sexual depravity, is not certification under the Lunacy Acts or the Mental Deficiency Act, with its lifelong stigma of madness, but careful observation and scientific treatment in well-regulated mental hospitals, with the certain prospect of release as soon as cured.

Lifelong stigma

Who can doubt that Sir Gerard Maxwell Willshire, convicted recently of a freakish, though disgusting, assault on a young woman, was mentally abnormal?

No doubt his disorder was aggravated by drink, but its root cause, as the medical evidence proved, was the trench fever from which he had suffered since the war, producing an unstable, sexually excitable condition of brain.

Of what use to sentence such a man to six months' imprisonment?

Few prisons are in the happy position which Birmingham enjoys, with the care of prisoners in the hands of an enlightened mental expert.

It is a moral outrage to send to prison any man or woman whose mental condition is such as to deprive him or her of responsibility for criminal conduct.

It is no answer to this indictment to say that there are no suitable institutions for the medical treatment of such cases.

The answer is that either we must build and equip them without loss of time, or else give up the pretence that our criminal code is based on anything better than blind vengeance against the wrongdoer, whatever his state of mind.

In a North of England town, not long ago, an old man was charged with his twenty-third sexual offence. Almost every time he had been sent to prison, and it had done him just as much good as any doctor, with the faintest knowledge of sex pathology, would have expected.

Obviously, the case was one of well-defined mental disease, curable if treated on accepted medical lines.

Blundering brag

Trembling in the dock at the London Sessions the other day stood Ellen Dixon, charged with attempting suicide. It was her second effort to end her life since the war, when she sustained shell-shock, the result of air-raids.

Had Ellen Dixon been a rich woman, no doubt the finest resources of mental treatment would have been at her disposal. As it was "sentence" was postponed for a month, the interval to be spent in jail.

We brag mightily about British justice, but the best that can truthfully be said of it is that, like the curate's egg, it is "excellent in parts."



Want to taste something good? — then please have some of these

Tea on the lawn

Here's an enticing and trouble-less dish for a summer's afternoon—Puffed Wheat and tinned peaches.

TEST IT FREE

Just send your name and address on a postcard to Desk 114, Quaker Oats, Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2, and we will send you a sample packet FREE.

Puffed Wheat needs no cooking. Just sprinkle the nutty-flavoured bubble-grains amongst the fruit. Puffed Wheat is as light as thistledown and it tastes like toasted nuts. It's nourishing, too, and the gun-cooking which puffs it makes it very easy to digest.

Write that postcard now. With the generous free sample we give you can satisfy and delight your family.

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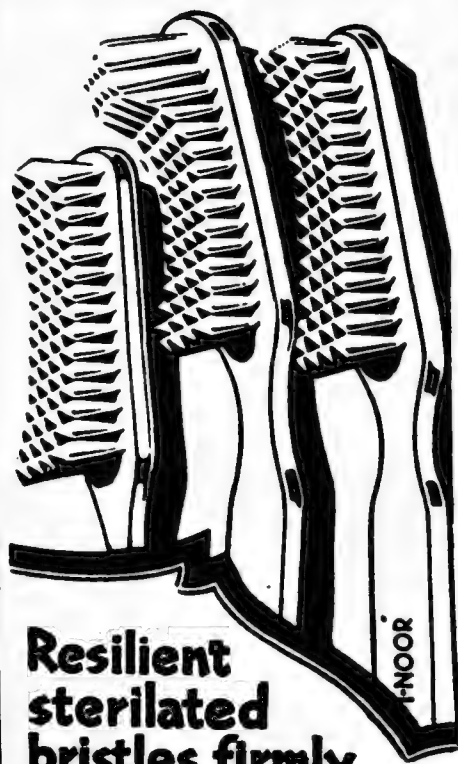
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In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

A SHATTERED ACTRESS

ON my desk as I write is a marriage certificate. It declares that on November 25, 1918, George Tungfield, accountant, thirty-two years of age, took as his wife Andrea Eastwood, twenty-three years of age, an actress.

Pinned to it is another official document of a more sombre character. It is a death certificate, and it states that Andrea Tungfield died on July 28, 1927. Nine short years, but what an eternity of anguish they spelt to this man and this woman.

On the day of his marriage George Tungfield believed that the gates of heaven stood wide open for him to enter. "I loved Andrea with every pulse in my body," he told me. In those days she was playing in the chorus of a musical comedy, but she had ambitions, and her husband gladly agreed to help her realise them.

She inspired him with the ideal that one day she would be a star in the theatrical firmament, and he felt strangely thrilled as he watched her eyes sparkle at the prospect. Hitherto acting had been her livelihood; henceforth it should become her art.

So it was agreed that she should take lessons in poise, in elocution and in music, and her husband engaged a tutor to direct her studies.

A tragic epic

For a year or two she worked hard until success seemed to be within her grasp. As time went on her name figured in bigger print on the programmes, and her salary increased in like proportion. But as she progressed in her work she began to lose interest in her man.

Then one day he arrived home to find that she had run away with her singing-master, leaving a brief note saying that she never intended to return. And George Tungfield's love idyll became a tragic epic.

From that blow he never recovered and gradually he sunk lower and lower, until the one-time professional man became a nomad wandering about the

metropolis seeking for any means of obtaining a few coppers to pay for his miserable existence.

One day, to use his own words, "he found himself with fourpence in his pocket and a hell of a thirst." He saw a public-house leading out of a narrow courtyard and there he entered seeking for refreshment.

A minute later he staggered out again with his thirst unquenched and his coppers unspent. For the barmaid who came forward to serve him was his wife!

Her great regret

The last scene in this strange drama of life has just been enacted in a London hospital. Amongst the patients classed in the category, "Dangerously ill. Not likely to recover," is a young woman who in her earlier years must have been strikingly handsome.

The ravages of pain and sorrow have left their scars, but instead of making her hard and bitter, they have only served to soften and sweeten her nature. She seldom talks, but when she does so her voice carries in its depths a tender appeal.

She knows she is going to die, and yet she declares that she is ready and glad to go. But ever since she has been in the hospital a great regret lingers in her heart, and now it seems likely that she will take it with her to the grave.

This patient is Andrea Tungfield and over and over again she has prayed to see the man she cruelly wronged, that she may crave his forgiveness before it is too late.

Every effort has been made to trace him, but it seems a well-nigh impossible task. Rowton Houses, Salvation Army shelters, Church Army refuges, all have been searched, but in vain.

As a last resource it was decided to advertise in the newspapers, but before it could appear Andrea Tungfield had passed away. By a strange irony of fate her husband arrived just an hour too late. When he knew of her death his bloodshot eyes became moist, and for a few minutes he seemed on the verge of collapse.



Philip Inman

I told him of her last wish, and not out of idle curiosity did I ask, "Would you have forgiven her?" "Forgiven her," he repeated, quietly. "I would have eaten out of her hand."

To-day Mrs. Tungfield has been carried to her last rest. There was only one mourner. The man who wrecked her home and her life either did not know or did not care about her passing. But her husband, a tragic and lonely figure, followed reverently behind.

On the coffin rested a bunch of red roses. Attached was a card which said, "In memory of the happy days in the Garden of Eden before the serpent crept in."

[A collection of Mr. Inman's Articles in book form will be published next month by Geoffrey Bles, 22, Suffolk Street, S.W.1, under the title of "The Human Touch," price 3s. 6d.]

The Sentence of the Court

RULE OF THE ROD

Fascism in the Family

CLICKING her heels, lending her eye a terrible aspect, and giving the Fascist salute, Lady Massie Blomfield pleaded "Not guilty" of an offence under the Child Welfare Act.

"I should like to put in as an exhibit," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "a weird pamphlet entitled 'Nursery Drill,' written by the accused and issued by a comic organisation calling itself the Society for the Promotion of Duty and Discipline."

"Lady Massie is the widow of an admiral, the sister of a song-writer, the daughter of a Bishop and the mother of a brain wave that might submerge the home were it not destined to break into froth against the rocks of common-sense."

"If her ladyship does not appear to have learned lessons in charity and loving-kindness from her association with the Church, she has at least acquired the quarterdeck manner from her connection with the Navy, and a rich lyrical style from her song-writing brother."

"Just look at the slouching louts and undersized wastrels we see everywhere nowadays," she chirps. Having duly gazed at them herself (she does not say where), she asks 'why' this is thus, and answers: 'Alas! to our great shame be it

spoken, we have spared the rod and spoiled the child.'

"What is the remedy for this shocking state of affairs? 'Nursery drill before breakfast' is the reply. And instructions for carrying out the said drill are in the best Mussolini manner, such as: 'If the child wishes to speak it must first salute.'

"If we adopt this jolly system, 'our boys will not grow up into the loafers and loungers we see about us,' and our girls, who now 'dress up in cheap German finery,' will not be ashamed to 'work hard at anything' for their betters, or to 'go into service' in the homes of kind-hearted female disciplinarians."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that this was an age of namby-pambyism. Nowadays, as her ladyship pointed out, children only wanted "to amuse themselves and let their parents provide them with pocket-money, which they spend in music-halls or the football-field." Whacking was the cure for slacking, which was why Lady Blomfield wished to apply the rod of righteousness to the seat of the trouble.

"I don't know whether or not this lady is a peeress," said Mr. Justice Bull,

"but, remembering Mr. Squeers and his flogging academy in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' one is almost tempted to describe her as a 'Squeerness'."

"If this self-styled Society for the Promotion of Duty and Discipline favours putting the brand of 'cane' on nursery delinquents, I can only reply that when duty is but skin deep it is scarcely worth cultivating."

"Happily, few mothers are likely to turn their homes into barracks and suburban gardens into parade-grounds. But if some of our female Mussolinis had their way, the system would probably be extended, and the nursemaids who did not satisfy their martinet mistresses would be paraded for disciplinary purposes."

"An occasional dose of tent-pegging in the backyard would cure these young women of their alleged love for 'silly sixpenny novels,' and in this way, too, the lassies would be taught to respect the Massies."

"Black shirts are bad enough, but Black Petticoats are worse. As there is no room in Britain at this time of day for people holding the prisoner's views, I must sentence her to go to the Duce without undue delay."

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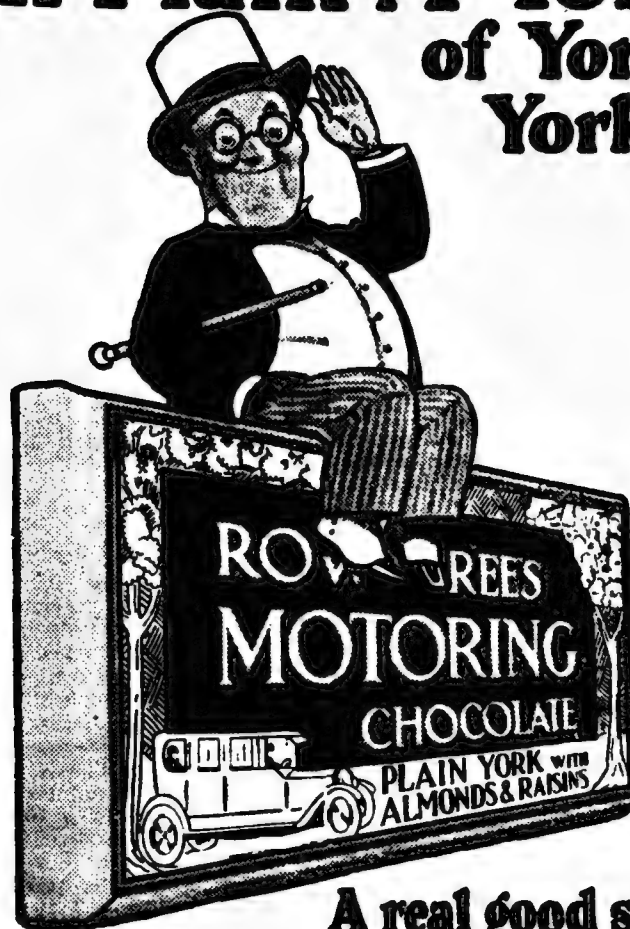
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YOUR HAIR NEVER HURTS YOU—BUT—

IT PROTESTS IN OTHER WAYS.

Unlike the rest of you, your hair never hurts; nevertheless, it protests violently against neglect, and shows it in more serious ways, such as dryness, greasiness, premature greyness, or by falling out. Fortunately, your hair responds amazingly to simple home treatment, therefore brush it vigorously for at least four minutes each night to stimulate the scalp and promote healthy blood circulation around the roots. But the real secret of hair beauty lies in feeding the hair and scalp. You can best do this by using Lavona Hair Tonic, which contains a secret ingredient that removes dandruff, penetrates your scalp and feeds and revitalises tired, neglected hair-roots. Although Lavona Hair Tonic brings beauty to hair of every kind, it costs only 1s. 6d. from any chemist, and you get a free Lavona Shampoo as well as a definite guarantee that your money will be refunded unless you are completely satisfied. Don't neglect your hair because it never hurts—let Lavona Hair Tonic reveal natural beauty.

DO NOT NEGLECT ANÆMIA.

In no disorder is delay or neglect more dangerous than in anæmia. The first signs to be noticed are pale lips and cheeks, dark rims under the eyes and a feeling of lassitude. Then follow headaches, backaches, palpitation and breathlessness. The only way that anæmia can be overcome is to enrich the blood, and it is because of their wonderful blood-enriching and blood-making properties that Dr. Williams' pink pills have won unbounded success in the treatment of this most stubborn disease.

Miss E. Goff, of 129, Adelaide Road, St. Denys, Southampton, says: "I suffered for years from anæmia. I was pale and breathless, and could not even go upstairs without getting palpitation. I always felt weak and ill, and suffered from severe headaches; for nights and nights I had no sleep. I decided to try Dr. Williams' pink pills, and after only one box of the pills I felt the benefit. I persevered with the pills, and soon all traces of anæmia disappeared. Now my health is splendid, and I feel like a different girl." So banish the miseries of anæmia by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box.

FREE. Every girl who needs a guide to health should read "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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Words Winged to Women

A DAY OF MIRACLES

by MABEL HORNER

"I HAVE heard a voice as of a woman in travail . . . anguish as of her that bringeth forth her first child . . . saying, Woe is me now! for my soul is wearied because of murderers."—Jeremiah, v., 31.

A VERY charming, enthralling, and withal a most pathetic experience has just befallen me. I am overawed. I am struck with the beauty and wonder of human achievement, and yet I am very angry.

I am angry because of facts that should be told being hidden, and because things that should be shouted from the housetops are being talked of only in corners. A great and wicked wrong to women is being done that should, and must, if there is any Christianity left in our country, be righted.

Visit to Babyland

Let me begin at the beginning. For three solid hours I have been in Babyland. I have seen babies in cradles, dozens of them, slung in tiny swinging cots beside their mothers' beds, sweet and clean and dainty, nestled in soft clothes, and looking all that comfortable, healthy, well-born, well-tended babies of two or three days old should be.

I have seen day-old babies large enough to give the laugh to any report that there is general deterioration in British children, and babies so small as to need cotton-wool for wrapping and keeping in regulated incubators until the life-force gained impetus enough to send the mites out into ordinary baby-days at home.

And (here came the awe) I have talked with mothers sitting up in bed, happy and bright, who three days before had been shadowed with the knowledge that should their baby come to normal date of entering life then they must surely lose their own.

But here, put into a gentle and merciful sleep, they were carried into a medical theatre—surely the most perfect of its kind the world has seen—and, carried back after undergoing the marvellous Cæsarean operation, awoke to find themselves well on the way to complete

recovery and proud possessor of a healthy child with every chance of life.

In short, I have, I think, on this one afternoon fondled more than seventy wee heads, and spoken with the babies' mothers, mostly young, all of them very



Vicountess Grey of Fallodon, an active member of the National Council of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

glad and thankful indeed to be where they were, guarded and safe within the shelter of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, until the hours of their peril were past.

This, the premier national maternity-hospital and training school, is a wonderful place. In spite of old and out-of-date buildings, it is very modernity and skill and success are astonishing.

Thousands of doctors and nurses all over the world, those attending the rich as well as those attending the poor, are products of its training.

Students come from India and from all over Europe, and from far-away Mesopotamia, to learn how to save mothers in childbirth. And yet—although a constant stream of mothers is flowing towards the hospital every day, and though hundreds of willing students are knocking at the doors—endless numbers turn hopeless away again, because there is not one little vacant corner left in which a baby may be

born, nor so much as one vacant chair on which a mother travelling in her labour pains may rest.

Babies are being born in fetid, overcrowded tenements. Women are dying, dying, dying. Every time the hands of the clock have marked off another three and a half hours, another mother in giving birth to a child has been lost.

And Queen Charlotte's, which holds the golden key of life for such, which has the precious knowledge and the priceless skill cannot take more mothers, cannot train more nurses and more doctors in obstetric science, because there is not room nor money enough!

These are the facts, which "are not talked about." Can it be because they fear the birth-rate would drop still further if the facts were shouted from the house-tops? Such fears are the fears of fools. Women are not cowards. There are still mothers in the world and always will be.

National business

But there must be an end to our awful wastage of mother life. The utmost present capacity of Queen Charlotte's is ten confinements a day. That is why I am angry. The land is there, the skill and the willingness, and all that is wanted is money.

The other day, Jack Dempsey got £50,000, his opponent £41,000, and the promoter £90,000 for staging a boxing-match. All that for giving to 82,000 spectators, who "cheered deliriously," the joy of seeing one man give the other a knock-out.

I call to a larger issue. Let women, at least, respond. They have never yet failed the nation when help is needed in a crisis. This awful death-rate of the mothers is a national business.

But it is a problem that women can solve, if they will only set their hands to it.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S CHARTER

A Matter of Wonderment

"WHAT is home without a mother?" is a familiar query to English-speaking folk. Sometimes it is seen illuminated, framed as a motto, and hung upon the walls of cottage homes.

Kept in open sight, or merely pondered in the heart, there is only one answer to such a question. Home is not home without a mother. A palace is only four square walls without her. A humble cot becomes a sanctuary and a refuge when she is there to keep it.

Brake on the wheel

But all too often it may happen that when the house-mother is in her place some accident or illness may occur to snatch her from her work, and instantly it is as though the pivot round which the wheels of home revolve has been broken and all the machinery put out of gear.

For instance, Mrs. Jenkins, of 6, Bath Road, Exeter, was cleaning out a bedroom, and perhaps because her work had exceptionally tired her, she stumbled as she started to descend the stairs and fractured both legs.

Similarly, Mrs. W. Bradshaw, of 93, George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, was "brightening up the kitchen for the

week-end," when, unable to reach all the paintwork, she fetched a step-ladder.

The wretched thing overbalanced and she fell heavily to the floor. She sustained a compound fracture of the right ankle, and it will be months before she will be able to do her work again.

It seems unfortunate, but unavoidable, that so much domestic work involves reaching from heights.

Mrs. A. Richards, of 2, Riverside Place, Barry, Glamorgan, was repapering her front room, standing on a table to reach the top of the wall. She became dizzy and overbalanced.

Trying to recover, she grasped a chair, which trickily slipped away, and she fell with a heavy crash which completely incapacitated her right arm.

Sometimes it is carrying heavy weights which proves the housewife's undoing.

Mrs. Poplar, of 3, Clarke's Place, St. Stephen's Road, Bow, was carrying a heavy pail of water from the yard to the kitchen when she caught her foot in the mat and had an awkward fall.

Mrs. Poplar's right leg was broken, and, so far as active service was concerned, another little home was suddenly in the position of being "without a mother."

Rady to hand

There is, however, one bright spot in all these painful happenings. Every one of these mothers is a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

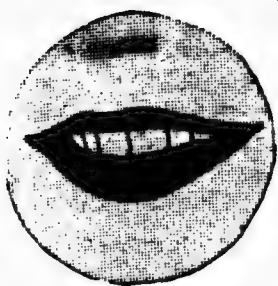
No sooner were their claims made and verified than a really handsome cheque in each case was received, enabling them to have the help they needed until well again.

This goes on day after day. JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift is a veritable Housewife's Charter. The wonder is there are any small householders left in the country willing to be without it.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.



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WHOLE
MOUTH
HEALTHY
AS
WELL

MILTON gets your false teeth spotless. The teeth themselves are rendered white and shining. The gold parts, if any, are bright and glittering. The vulcanite is cleaned and freshened. Every trace of 'film' and food is completely removed by the use of Milton. Your whole plate, clean as new every morning!

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You get Milton from the nearest chemist, for 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle. Both methods of using it are equally effective. Use whichever method you prefer.



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Just add half-a-teaspoonful of Milton to the glass (or cup) of cold water in which you leave your plate overnight. In the morning take the plate out of the glass, rinse it in clean water, and wipe.

METHOD 2. Cleans false teeth while you dress

On getting up, slip your plate into a glass (or cup) containing equal parts of Milton and warm water—there should be enough liquid to cover the plate. When you are dressed, rinse the plate and wipe it.

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Those desiring free information (in plain cover) about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

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Nonn
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Sties, Ulcerated or Running Eyes! A new discovery called Iray whitens and clears your eyes of any bluish with amazing quickness and strengthens weak sight. IRAY, the safe eye remedy, is only 2/6 per bottle, post free, and is guaranteed to cure—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Get it to-day—at once—and have clean healthy eyes. Obtainable only from IRAY LABORATORIES, 48, Gordon Street, Glasgow, C.1.

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Human Documents

Brothers in Brutality

Worthless Son—Running Grave Risk—Wifeless Husband

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"IN the course of my work I call regularly upon a woman, who for some time past has been showing signs of great nervous strain as well as physical collapse.

"Being anxious to help her if possible, I persuaded her to tell me her trouble. The story is so terrible that I am quite at a loss to know how to advise her.

"Twenty years ago she married a man of rather weak character and soon after his father died, leaving a family of small children.

"She persuaded her husband to take one of his brothers, then a boy at school, to live with them, and it is this brother that has since exercised such an evil influence in her home life.

"When the lad left school her husband, who was in business on his own account, taught him the trade. As time went on he became very proficient and during the war period, when both brothers were exempted from military service through physical unfitness, the business prospered.

"Eventually the younger brother asked for a partnership, which was at once granted, but instead of working in brotherly comradeship he set to work with selfish cunning to divert most of the profits into his own pocket.

"THE elder brother was no scholar and was easily deceived regarding finance. Moreover, encouraged by the junior partner, he developed a taste for drink and spent what he received as his share recklessly while his young brother accumulated a substantial bank balance.

"In the end the latter purchased both the business premises and the house in which they lived and became in effect owner and master of the whole concern.

"His conduct since has been atrocious. He has sown dissension between husband and wife and encouraged and actively participated in all sorts of brutality to the poor woman until at last she is a mental and physical wreck.

"Apparently, it is his object to rid himself of them both by besotting his brother until he is only fit for a lunatic asylum, and sending the wife by torture to an early grave.

"What can be done to save the wife from such appalling circumstances?"

"HUMANIST" says: An appalling state of things, truly. The husband may have been rather a simpleton at first, but he seems to have developed into an unspeakable cat to allow himself to be browbeaten by his brother into brutal ill-treatment of his wife, and the best thing she can do is to seek a separation from him.

"I AM an old soldier who has served under three reigns, and now when my health is failing and I look for a little peace and comfort I am in terrible distress through the heartless conduct of my own son.

**Bad
Lad**

"My cup of sorrow had been filled to overflowing, all within a few months. I had to go into hospital myself and while I was there my wife and our youngest child were both taken seriously ill.

"Mother and child died within a few hours of each other, but I was still bed-ridden and unable to pay my last respects to them.

"It took all the money I could scrape together to bury them respectably and provide my three little girls and my son

with decent mourning, and now I find life very hard and lonely with only a small pension to live on.

"In these circumstances, you can understand what a blow it has been to find that my son, who should have been a comfort in my distress, has turned out a heartless rotter.

"While I was in hospital he robbed me of the few shillings left in the house, sold the few valuables left by his dead mother, things I had given her when we were courting, and taken my war medals.

"Knowing there was no one to stop him, he stayed in bed smoking, deprived his little sisters of their food, and even took the three-penny pieces from the child's money-box.

"I was advised to have him locked up, but at his grandmother's request for the sake of the mother and baby lying in the same coffin I did not do so.

"I asked advice from a friend of thirty years' standing and he said, 'Give the boy a chance.' What do you think about it?"

"HUMANIST" says: I am afraid leniency in such a case would merely be giving a lad capable of such conduct a chance of treating others in the same shameful way as he has treated you. He needs restraint and discipline to prevent him growing worse as he grows older. Have a chat with the local probation officer.

"I AM one of a large family of girls, all living at home with our parents. My work keeps me, out rather late at night, and it is all because I have for some time accepted the offer of an escort on my way home that a great deal of unpleasantness is being caused.

**Asking for
Trouble**

"A couple of years ago I made the acquaintance of a business man who is married, and lives in a house not far from ours, and for a long time now he has made a habit of meeting me at my place of business about half-past ten each night and walking home with me.

"It has come to my knowledge that a lot of very unpleasant things are being said about us, and it is being suggested that our house is not being conducted as it should be.

"With a large family of girls from seventeen upwards the insinuation is particularly offensive.

"The last thing I heard was that the police had been approached and asked to watch our house.

"I should like to know what steps I can take to put a stop to such offensive suggestions and whether it is possible for the police to interfere."

"HUMANIST" says: A young woman who allows herself to be seen night after night in the company of a married man is rather asking for trouble. The police cannot, of course, interfere, but for your own comfort I suggest that you should find some other escort, or ask him to bring his wife with him.

Life's Tragedies

HAPPY is the man or woman whose life is free from trouble. The best thankoffering they can make is to help those who are overwhelmed by tragedy. They can do so by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These"—Fund. (See page 30.)

"MY wife is only nineteen years old and I am twenty-one. We had a very happy courtship and I think the world of her. We were very proud to know baby was coming, but since the little one's arrival circumstances seem to have combined to drive us apart.

**Driven
Apart**

"I fell out of work a little while ago and just before the baby was due to arrive my wife went back to her parents so as to have them to look after her. The trouble is that I cannot get her to return to me.

"I think her parents are at the bottom of it, because they were dissatisfied with the amount I was able to contribute towards the expenses.

"They seem to have taken a liking to the baby, but whenever I ask when I may expect my wife to return to me the only reply I get is a question as to how much money I am prepared to pay her mother.

"I cannot pay any more until my prospects improve, and I cannot help feeling that the longer things remain as they are at present the harder I will find it to recover my lost happiness."

"HUMANIST" says: It is very unfortunate that your unemployment should have occurred at such a time and I hope that you will soon again be in a position to make better provision for your wife and child. In the meantime, your wife's parents, though misguided, may be actuated by the best of motives in view of her youth and you should ask your minister or some other tactful person locally to approach them on your behalf with the view of averting a permanent estrangement.

Master and Maid

"I am in domestic service, but I am becoming terrified of being left alone in the house with the master, whose manners towards me, especially when he has been drinking, are very objectionable. I am afraid if I leave I will lose my unemployment benefit."

"Humanist" says: You would run a worse risk if you stayed with a master of that sort. There should be no difficulty if you explain your reasons for leaving to the local committee, and in any case a good domestic servant need not be long out of work nowadays.

Dutiful Wife

"My husband thinks I am a bad manager because I do not provide our table with all the luxuries his sister-in-law puts before his brother, who earns the same salary. I know she can't do it without getting into debt or even worse trouble. How can I explain things to him?"

"Humanist" says: It is always painful to have to expose others to exculpate oneself, but the simple way in your case is to keep your household accounts in writing and let your husband see where the money goes. He should be thankful to have a dutiful wife.

Bachelor Guardian

"I am a bachelor of forty. Ten years ago I assumed the guardianship of my dead friend's only child, who has just come of age. I have grown to love her, so that I should like to marry her. Do you think I should do so?"

"Humanist" says: Why not ask her? The difference in your ages need not be a barrier if she gives you the right answer.

Sackcloth or Sanity?

Tinkering with Tariffs—Aliens who Aid—White Lies

MR. ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT, in "May We Laugh on Sunday?" (JOHN BULL, July 30), expresses the views of the average thinking man (and some parsons, too). We do not want to go back to Puritan days, when it was a sin to be born on Sunday. Provided it does not interfere with worship, surely, one may take healthful recreation on Sunday, and yet be a true Christian.—T. R., Nottingham.

Gift to Use

The clergy will not fill their churches by trying to suppress healthy recreation. A number of workers I know are inconsistent churchgoers, because they believe that fresh air is given by God to be utilised and enjoyed. To keep fit is a man's physical and moral duty, and it does not desecrate the Sabbath to employ means in order to fulfil that duty.—S. W. B. Sheffield.

The Sunday Wash

Your contributor states that swimming-baths are not open on Sundays because parsons object to the competition. Any believer in the Fourth Commandment objects. There are six other days to be clean without abusing the Sabbath. What about the bath attendants? Don't they want a rest?—E. P., Forest Gate.

Gloom and Ritual

Modern men and women have not forgotten God, and life is such a serious thing that the desire to reverence and worship will always exist. The man in the street will not be slow to identify himself with Christianity when the old atmosphere of gloom, and form and ritual, is dispelled and Sunday is made a day of brightness and pleasure.—S., Lancs.

Hollow Excuse

Sunday is meant as a day of rest, but it has been made the least restful day of the seven, the excuse being that it is the only holiday the working man gets. Most men work but eight hours per day for five days, and but four hours on the sixth day, yet on the seventh day they can't give an hour out of the twenty-four to the Church, because it is "the only holiday they get!"—Senaz, Morayshire.

Modern Slave-drivers

Do we realise as a nation what it means to many to run Sunday amusements? There are people who gather a rich harvest out of the so-called "brighter Sunday," but what of the life of the worker, the victim of the selfishness of the seventh-day pleasure-seeker, the slave-driver of our period?—G. T. M., Pencader.

Day of Rest

I hope our old-fashioned English Sunday will remain unaltered, for all my time, at any rate. It is a quiet day of rest that I, as a working man, thoroughly enjoy. If people cannot get enough foul air and immorality pumped into them at cinemas in six days it is a pity.—J. P., Lincs.

Freedom Violated

What is wrong on Sunday must be wrong on any other day. - Forced conformity on Sunday observance violates the first principles of religious freedom. The question is a purely personal one between the individual and his Maker.—E. E. T., Porth.

National Asset

The Sabbath day is a national asset, and any invasion of that day by amusement caterers should be rigorously opposed. The churches are not merely fighting the battle for the sanctity of Sunday; they are fighting to retain the day of rest as the inalienable right of every human being.—R. A., Sunderland.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Crippling Ring

Mr. Roffe Thompson slams home the folly of Protectionist methods. To ring this country round with tariffs would be to enforce an economic blockade against ourselves and to deal yet another blow to our already staggering industries. What is needed is world-wide free-trade that commerce may be carried on without artificial hindrances.—W. L., London.

Sad Records

The report for 1926 of the Borstal Association says: "A lamentable proportion of the young offenders were victims of environment before they became potential criminals." Out of 462 lads discharged, 30 had no home; 33 were orphans; 23 were illegitimate; 158 had one parent; 34 had separated parents; 28 had serious physical defects; 84 serious mental defects; 3 had both; 51 had family histories of mental disorder.—J. W., Lytham.

Useful Aliens

Mr. Rhys J. Davies, M.P., is justified in maintaining that it is necessary to exclude aliens so long as there is insufficient work for our own people. But let us not forget that some of our greatest industries have been founded by foreign refugees. The sugar-beet trade owes its origin to foreigners, and even labour had to be imported to show the way.—A. G. R., New Cross.

Wanton Waste

"An Orgy of Plunder," by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in JOHN BULL, July 30, is only a part of the awful waste which is going on. A huge aerodrome, complete with nice quarters, electric light, etc., was completed, just on the end of war, at Bicester. It was never used. So strongly built were the buildings that dynamite was used to demolish them. The engines for generating power, costing £3,500, were sold for £75. No sooner had the demolition been completed, than the new contractor arrived to commence building another. Who is responsible for such management?—G. W. C., Oxford.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"The defendant had to answer a third summons for selling WATER deficient in milk fat."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—"Have also a strip of BLUE GRASS. This will not injure the eyes at any phase of the eclipse."

"BOY'S CINEMA":—"His man closed silently AROUND THE FOUR CHUMS, their rifles pointed."

"PAM'S PAPER":—"The man laughed loudly and shook her HEAD as though it had been the handle of a pump."

"WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE":—"A heavy growth of BREAD covered the man's chin."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"He dropped to the sand beside her, EYES CLINGING TO HER FACE."

"NOTTS FREE PRESS" (Advt.):—"Special day excursions; THURSDAY 34RD JUNE."

As Good as a Holiday!

Permit me to thank you for the pleasure you have given me by issuing such a splendid Summer Number of JOHN BULL. To those of us who cannot afford a holiday through slack trade, it has supplied the deficiency by its mirthful and interesting reading.—Grateful, Durham.

Creating Confidence

When will other papers follow JOHN BULL's lead in giving fair play to readers and genuine advertisers by refusing advertisements from doubtful sources? In a popular weekly I counted at least six small advertisements that would not be accepted by JOHN BULL. By guaranteeing the advertising a paper creates confidence between reader and advertiser, cripples the activities of the various sharks, and does its bit in promoting trade.—G. G. G., Norwich.

Dear Good Turn

One day last week after delivering some goods to a town a few miles away I was returning home empty, when I overtook some men who are working on a new water-works. They asked me to give them a lift to the village near by, so I let them climb in. On pulling up where they wanted to alight a policeman came over to me and booked me for carrying passengers without a licence. My good turn has cost me 30s.—E. B., Lancs.

Piffing Film

Having read your article under the above heading, I decided that my child should never have the "Schick Test." The same evening I visited a local cinema and included in the programme was a reel of about 500 ft. of "Schick Propaganda." I would suggest that the L.C.C. has not done enough in just declining to interest itself, but should prohibit the showing of this "piffle."—W. F. R., Bermondsey.

Hard Lines

My husband left here last Sunday and went to Tilbury, where he had heard there was work to be had. On reaching there, on Monday, he got a job, but the unemployment exchange would not let him start as he had not lived six months in the place. A good workman, he has only had two spells of "dole," six weeks and three weeks. He is probably tramping, footsore, still searching for work, myself and three kiddies worrying and waiting.—Mrs. P., Darlington.

N.B.

I believe every JOHN BULL reader will agree with me that "The Human Machine," by E. R. Thompson, M.A., "Problems of Life," by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., and "In Sunshine Ward," by Mr. Philip Inman, are worth a lot more than is charged for the whole of JOHN BULL. I generally cut them out and post them on our notice board at the works where they are greatly appreciated.—Poster, Treorchy.

Official Evasion

"Official ignorance" is the title of a letter in JOHN BULL concerning a late inspector of mines who "had never known a case of miners working naked save for bathing drawers." But, knowing what I do about Government officials, I should suspect that this one wanted to conceal a fact that was perfectly well-known to himself, and that he, therefore, waited until someone stated the fact with the slight inaccuracy of "bathing drawers" instead of "pit drawers," and then denied this statement as if it were essentially untrue.—Mancunian.

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FRANCE AND THE BIG DOUBLE

Filibert de Savoie's Half-Brother and the Cesarewitch—Coram a
Possible for the Cambridgeshire—Kempton and Windsor Winners
—Taylor's St. Leger Cards—Book Law or Chantrey?

"HATS off to France" after one or other of the big Autumn handicaps has been rather prevalent of late years. Our Continental cousins have pocketed the Cesarewitch twice since 1923, and they have captured the last two Cambridgeshires.

AS a result there is a great deal of talk of their plans for the coming invasion. My French Correspondent advises me that nothing will be settled until the stables have had a chance of comparing notes when the weights are allotted. There is too much of the "old man" about Forseti now, and even if he does escape lightly, horses of his age do not win this race.

ONE worth noting if the handicapper gives him half a chance is Idolo di Savoia, a half-brother to the famous Filibert de Savoie. The horse is not a stranger to these shores. He won over hurdles at Liverpool in the Spring. On this occasion he had a packet of weight and the going was fetlock deep in mud, so there is no question of his stamina.

CORAM is a likely Frenchman for the shorter handicap. The stable has been on the look-out for a favourable opportunity of exploiting this horse in England since the Cambridgeshire of two years ago. He is a good miler and should be able to get the Cambridgeshire "extra." He has won over ten furlongs in good company in France.

I HAVE had a number of enquiries for long-shot selections for our next big race—The Ebor. Here, again, it is a question of tilting at the layers without the weights or acceptances, but I have sent out Steel-Point.

STEEL-POINT is a son of the Derby winner, Spearmint, and I made a particular note of him in Try Try Again's long-distance race at Goodwood. He ran third, but it appeared to me that G. Baines, who rode, found the colt a bit of a handful.

THIS week we shall have to find our winners at Kempton and Windsor. The Greenwood Plate at the first-mentioned meeting is quite likely to fall to the lightly-weighted Jamnagar. Martin's six-year-old was backed to win the Brighton Cup, and he had the race everywhere except on the post. The judge gave the race to Saturn by a short head. It was really inches.

UNLESS I am very much mistaken, Dresden will be picking up a race very shortly for W. Nightingall, and a likely opportunity for the filly occurs in the Teddington Selling Plate on Thursday. I noticed her speed at Lingfield in May, and again at Brighton in the race won by Hermes. She came from the ruck to finish third.

CANFIELD is going up in the weights, and he meets a better-class field in the Princess Plate than he beat at A.P. a week or so ago, but I shall be surprised if he does not score again. He is a Phalaris horse, and one of the most improved animals in Frank Hartigan's stable. The Weyhill trainer had a most disastrous meeting at Brighton, and this fellow may recover some of the stable's losses.

I CAME to the conclusion that Battler was aptly named after the hard race he gave Blackness at Hurst Park at the

back-end of last month. The three-year-old's next outing was a one-sided victory at Alexandra Park, and I think he will do better still, particularly over a distance of ground. The son of William Rufus is entered for the Two-mile Round Course Stakes, and should be at a good price.

NOW for winners at Windsor. On Friday the speedy Irenia is engaged in the Flying Handicap. Last to Phœdon at Goodwood is not much of a recommendation, but several of the competitors in this event might have remained at home for all the chance that they had from the off. It was not one of the starter's best efforts. I should give O. Bell's filly another chance.

YELLOW UNDERWING should score in the Romney Selling Plate on the same day. This fellow has come down the social scale—at one time he was a fair handicapper, but he has no Linkman to meet on this occasion.

I SHALL look to Halalie to raise the Saturday smile in the Summer Handicap. Taylor's colt is a winner over the course, and has nothing much below him in the weights. His form at Bir-



Alec Taylor

mingham over the holidays was obviously all wrong. The three-year-old might be coupled with English Fare in the Rothschild Plate.

BOOK LAW is certain—barring accidents—to remain favourite for the last of the Classics up to the off, but the price ruling to-day—5 to 2—

should be obtainable on the day of the race. I should not like to drive any JOHN BULL

readers off Lord Astor's charming filly, but the race is one of surprises and Book Law has yet to prove that she can get the distance.

AS a matter of fact, the only one of the prominent candidates in the St. Leger who has won a race of more than a mile and a half is Chantrey—also trained by Alec Taylor. The Welsh Derby winner took the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, a race of one mile five furlongs.

ONE of this month's interesting races is the Gimcrack Stakes, run at York the day after the Ebor Handicap, and "Inquisitive" wants to know if I can tell him anything about the horse after which the race was named. I can.

GIMCRACK was an iron grey by Cripple out of Miss Elliott. He was foaled in 1760, and was a wonder for his size as he only registered fourteen hands. One of his great feats was a race in France where he earned a big sum by galloping twenty-two and a half miles under an hour. In his first year he was never beaten and won races at Winchester, Bedford, Guildford, Burford, Barnet, and Reading.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News, Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

D U A N 1 2 3 S Z O V G W T

J Y H F M Q B C R L K X E P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. 3YSVNHP would read BUCKFAST.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 10, to Tuesday, August 16.

Hot Dogs to Follow

THE promised invasion of English tracks by Irish dogs has not yet materialised, but we may expect them over here before long, especially with the advance in monetary rewards for the various races.

IF such dogs as Miss Kavanagh's Green-crofts Best, Miss Judge's Fighting Firm, and Mr. M. Monaghan's Capt. Spindle do cross, they will test the best hurdlers in this country.

FOR flat races Beaded Biddy (Miss M. O'Brien), Seymour Hill (Mr. J. Shaw), Charming Morn (Miss Murphy), and Hard to Christen (Mr. P. Kinsella) are all exceedingly fast, and will not only win on their own tracks, but could do so here.

THERE are several promising hurdlers in the Leeds district, and the form of Dray Boy (Miss Mona Vivian), World's

Way (Mr. Hinchcliffe), True as Steel (Mr. H. Rothery) should be watched closely as time advances.

IN the Liverpool area Layham Leah (Mr. A. Clappitt), Ella Cook (Miss L. Bankcroftons) and Abbot of Jervaux (Mr. Houghton) are sound propositions, although Baby Dazzler (Miss Pauline Frederick) is still the outstanding animal in these kennels.

AT Sheffield Mr. P. M. Fagen's Prudent Pat, Mrs. A. Yates' Lively Dick, and Steam Hammer, with Mr. P. Hales' Hidden Spot, should be "earmarked" for future events.

VISITORS to Blackpool in these days will be advised to follow Mr. Hurst's Every Chance and Miss R. Florence's Ribstown Boy in hurdle races, and Mr. J. S. Bleakley's Streamstown on the flat. A beautifully built dog, Streamstown would do equally well on a 550 yards track as on the shorter one at this centre.

WITH the class of competitor at the White City becoming better every week, the selection of possible winners is not too easy. But the kennels of Mr. E. Baxter contain many a potential champion, and it would not be a bad idea to support every one of his nominations whenever they run.

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I have recommended them to all my friends, who are satisfied with the result.

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MISS F. BREWING.

P.S.—If you wish you may use my name as a testimonial. I will recommend ASPRO as much as I can.

2,500 Nurses have taken up ASPRO in 10 weeks. It's a record. Proof can be seen at our offices, where lists of same are kept. For reasons of professional etiquette we cannot give names of Nurses who send us testimony of its value. So here are a few extracts:—

Nurse R., Coventry.—I find ASPRO very beneficial and shall recommend them to several people.
Nurse S., Regent's Park.—I have used ASPRO for my patients with excellent results. ASPRO checked a serious illness that threatened me.
Nurse M., Mansfield says: I find ASPRO very good, giving such quick relief for headaches.
Nurse A. C., Norwich.—I have a friend with a bad foot—ASPRO is a great gift to her. And so on.

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Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, MR. EUSTACE MILES, Dept. T.B.J., 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2. Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal. Write name and address in CAPITALS and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to enliven the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. W. G. (Durham).—"I always pay cash." That's to your credit.

M. D. (Ealing).—"He didn't notice I was wearing a new evening frock." Was it as small as that?

D. M. (Clapham).—"Did you appreciate my last letter?" Yes, until we found it wasn't.

F. M. (Holloway).—"My wife was breathless with excitement." Did you seize the opportunity to say something?

J. T. (Kennington).—"Do you remember the poem I sent you in 1925?" No. Time is a great healer.

BILL E. (Prestwick).—"Success seems just out of my reach." Jump to it, son, jump to it!

R. P. (Camden Town).—"You must be getting rather tired of my letters." You put the matter very mildly.

T. B. (Clerkenwell).—"He bought 100 gross of umbrellas as a speculation." They're sure to go up.

B. N. (Bude).—"I make progress by push." So you've got one of those cars, have you?

T. R. T. (Summercourt).—"My wife worships me." Do you mean she tenders burnt offerings?

E. D. (Reading).—"Women never answer a straight question in a straight manner." Oh yes they do—just one.

R. E. (Malvern).—"Why don't you publish cookery recipes?" Because JOHN BULL cannot be Beeton.

D. J. (Ferryhill).—"I never dictate to my employees." Then how does your typist take down your letters?

A. A. (Cambridge).—"I drink a glass of hot water first thing in the morning." Our seaside landlady called it tea.

B. N. A. (Thornton Heath).—"Is daylight saving any real benefit?" Well, we have an extra hour in which to see the rain.

S. D. (Taunton).—"In six months new companies representing £84,000,000 registered at Somerset House." That's capital!

A. N. (Eastbourne).—"People who laugh in a court of law should be turned out." What if it chanced to be the prisoner?

G. C. (Illove).—"We have had some very high tides at Brighton lately." Well, the bathing season is in full swing and some fat profiteers are about.

S. T. (Sutton).—"My fountain-pen always seems to run out when I am halfway through a letter." But surely you were more than halfway through when you wrote to us?

NINA (Hampstead).—"I can dance six hours without stopping." Why?

T. M. J. (Glasgow).—"I'm eighty-nine and still living." What's your motive?

G. B. (Bournemouth).—"I am satisfied with my position." Then you will never rise above it.

R. T. (Maidenhead).—"My wife talks like an idiot." Possibly she likes you to understand her.

B. Y. (Cardiff).—"I can see through any problem." But can you see it through?

P. W. (Cleethorpes).—"I am learning the saxophone." To whom do you owe the grudge?

T. M. Y. (Highgate).—"My feet seem to have been made for idiots to tread on." Why the plural?

W. K. (Stoke).—"She has dreamy eyes." Nevertheless, she might be very wide awake.

H. H. F. (Dover).—"Can you guess what I've been doing for the past three years?" Three years.

J. S. (Ilfracombe).—"What's the longest word in the language?" Elastic—you can stretch it.

R. W. C. (Fulham).—"It is difficult to get a renewal of a loan." Not if you borrow trouble.

E. N. (Pensford).—"I have always appreciated the value of time." Meaning you have never had cause to kill it.

L. R. D. (Norwood).—"I am always early to bed." But the man of grit is the one who is early out of it.

"PROGRESS" (Hanwell).—"I live entirely on fruit." We're with you if it's the fruit of industry.

MURIEL F. (Norbury).—"I really think our present-day young men are lacking in good taste." Don't be impatient, Muriel.

G. D. F. (Hammersmith).—"You'll find me a live wire old top." You certainly have shocking manners.

J. N. (Northallerton).—"You and I are intellectual opposites." Certainly. We're intellectual and you're the opposite.

Mrs. D. (Nelson).—"I am sending my daughter abroad to finish her education." All right, we don't blame you.

W. J. C. (Ealing).—"An American friend tells me that the negro population in his country will soon be in a majority." Is the outlook really as black as that?

"ASTRONOMY STUDENT" (Merton).—"I find shooting stars very interesting." But what's the use—you can never hit one?

S. S. (Ilkley).—"Nowadays my wife seems to take me for a fool." The question is what on earth she took you for originally?

C. H. L. (Dover).—"I had had quite enough of the pleasure trip by the time the boat touched shore." Sick of it, no doubt.

P. J. F. (Southsea).—"She told me she loved standing on the parade at night and watching the silver track of light across the sea." Moonshine!

Mrs. H. (Long Preston).—"Can you tell me who first thought of putting vegetables in pickle?" No; but the London County Council has now put the pick in Piccadilly.

A. J. (Cowes).—"I am always generous to a fault." Especially one of your own.

B. A. (Pinner).—"Talk is cheap." Until it finds its way into the law courts.

G. N. (Penge).—"I was on the rack the whole time." Was the railway carriage as crowded as that?

L. H. (Shields).—"Comedians are not funny in private life." Then when are they funny?

V. M. (Canterbury).—"Wives should lean on their husbands." Some wives sit on them.

L. N. (Leavesden).—"My wife went to several sales this year." That's right. Pour out your troubles to us.

F. N. (Hackney).—"A sunset inspired me to write this poem." We've never had anything against sunsets before.

Miss T. (Northolt).—"She who hesitates is lost." And he who marries her is bossed.

Mrs. J. (Thirsk).—"Many men choose September for their holidays now." If they choose they must be bachelors.

Mrs. C. (Maidenhead).—"Whenever I feel sad I sing." To ensure others being sad with you?

J. L. (Farnham).—"I want a house fit for a gentleman to live in." Who's the gentleman?

NINA (Brixton).—"All girls dream of marriage up to a point." And then worry about it until they're up to the altar.

J. W. A. (Luton).—"I am a law unto myself." Which ensures you being a blamed nuisance to everybody else.

S. A. (Birmingham).—"The doctor says I ought to take a holiday." Win a Bullets Holiday Tenner and you'll have all the change you need.

J. W. (Saltire).—"Brains are needed in my business." Self-evident from your letter.

S. M. (Hayes).—"I sang a comic song but nobody laughed." Did you tell them that it was a comic song?

Mrs. A. (Bentham).—"Married men don't seem to know when they're well off." That's because they never are.

J. K. (Rushmore).—"Some people are awfully easy to deceive." Especially oneself.

OLIVE (Brentford).—"A modern boy doesn't propose to a girl on his knees." Naturally he thinks she shouldn't sit there until he has done.

J. N. (Putney).—"When our baby wants anything she cries for it." One day she'll have a husband who will notice the same thing.

L. B. (Bangor).—"He tried to steal my watch and told me that want drove him to crime." Exactly. He wanted your watch.

A. M. (Skipton).—"There's nothing like marrying the right woman." And when you marry the wrong one there's still nothing like it.

E. M. (Glasgow).—"My friends say I'm a man of the right stamp." They're wrong. You put a penny one on your letter.

A. V. (Boston Manor).—"I'm keen to go to Margate for our holiday and my wife wants to go on the Continent." Better see about your passports.

T. N. (Blackburn).—"She's as pretty as she can be." All girls are.

T. E. (Battersea).—"I find it difficult to write to you to-day." But unfortunately not too difficult.

D. M. (Clerkenwell).—"I've been cooking my own breakfast for three months now." You must like your eggs very hard.

T. R. (Fulham).—"How many people write to you each week?" Some weeks it seems as if everybody who is able to write does.

D. M. A. (Sevenoaks).—"I have no settled address." It's quite easy to obtain one—anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter will do the trick.

B. B. (Lowestoft).—"I silenced my husband with a sharp look." Well, that was more humane than using a blunt rolling-pin.

Jack (London, E.C.).—"I was sitting next to him on top of the bus and he deliberately pinched me." Was he a policeman?

ELSIE (Brighton).—"I play lead in the new show although I have only a small soprano voice." Tinkle, tinkle, little star.

F. H. (London, E.C.).—"I'll be passing through Long Acre in my working clothes one day next week." We won't look down on you.

B. L. (Weybridge).—"The flappers will vote for the handsome candidates." Then there should be a lot of fresh faces in the next Parliament.

(Many replies undoubtedly he'll love.)



Beard Softening Explained

Colgate's lather soaks your beard soft with water; that is why it never fails to give you a quick smooth shave.

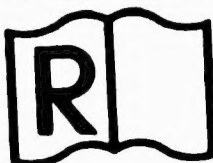
The soap in Colgate's is needed to remove the oil film that covers every hair in your beard so that millions of tiny water bubbles in the lather can get right down to the base of each hair and soak it soft next to the skin where the razor works.

Colgate's gets your beard thoroughly wet, soft and pliable. The razor glides through your beard, cutting it cleanly and leaving your face cool and comfortable for all day.

Softens the Beard at the Base

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK
Now Reduced to 10d.

or in Handsome Nickel Box 1/-; or in "Handy Grip" Nickel Box 1/3



The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 suits that always look and wear well. Pay 7/- down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**. These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to suit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Suits returned if not satisfied. No charge for alterations. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
36, LANGHAM ST. LONDON, W.1.



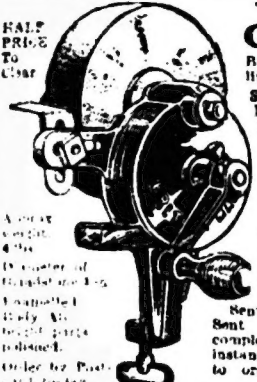
BIGGEST VALUE

IN FLOOR COVERING
NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths on order.
ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
30, Carter Street, London, E.C.17.

PAROLEUM



DELUXE HANDGRINDER GRINDERS

British Made—ensuring long life and efficient service.
SENT CASH ON DELIVERY FOR 3/9
Packing 1/3.

This is a super high-speed grinder with wheel castings of best clean grey iron. Simplest highest grade machine cut. Clamps to bench.
QUANTITY OF SPARE CORUNDUM STONES.
To 4 in. 1/3. Post 6d.
Clear 5 in. 1/6. Post 6d.
Sent Post Free with Machine.
Sent under our guarantee of complete satisfaction or money instantly returned. Do not forget to order a spare stone while the stock lasts.

John Phillips Co. (Dept. 2), 24, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

A 3-SPEED CYCLE



B.S.A. 3-Speed ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL
Our Price **£5-15-0**
Weekly

The famous B & C All-British Special Three-Speed Model. Guaranteed twenty years. Fitted with B.S.A. 3-Speed Gear, Hutchinson Super Cord Tyres, Coventry Roller Chain, B.S.A. Bottom Bracket, Brampton Hubs, Three Coil Spring Saddles, and our own special rust-proof frame with usual parts heavily nickel-plated. Sold on the money back guarantee and supplied only by

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO.
(Dept. J.6), SOUTHAMPTON.

81 SQ. FT. FLOOR COVERING 15/-

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world, in rolls a yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned.



ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

Write for Coloured List of Lovely Patterns.
J. LLOYDS,
Artoleum Hse.,
83, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

SUITS 1/6

To Measure for WEEKLY.
From 22/6

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts established over half a century. We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteads, Whitecloths, Herges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style patterns, book and self-measurement form. Brooches, Ornaments, Pinafores, etc., also supplied.
BOYS' SUITS AND SPORTS WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.

THE "B. & C." CO.,
Universal Providers,
Dept. J.6, SOUTHAMPTON.



KEEP SMART IN ALL WEATHERS

by ordering one of our

WONDERFUL BARGAINS ON EASY TERMS.

LADIES' lovely MACKINTOSHES Also GENTS' & CHILDREN'S. All kinds, shades, and sizes. **1/-** deposit & 1/- weekly.
FREE. Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.
SALISBURY SERVICE CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 01),
12, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.4

The World's Biggest Bicycle Bargain
£4.4
BRADSHAW
Description: frame 21 1/2 in., 24 in., 26 in. Heavily dated Dunlop Rima. Beautifully fitted "Rustproof" frame with 4 coats enamel. Self-bearing Free Wheel, Double Lever Roller Brakes. Guaranteed for 3 years. British made throughout. Carriage paid.
ONLY 34/- DA

Free CATALOGUE POST FREE TO ALL
BRADSHAW STORES LTD.
Dept. 4, NORTHAMPTON.

FLOOR COVERING 750 ROLLS ONLY

126 72
PER ROLL CONTAINING
Special Sale Offer. Unparalleled Value. 6 and no money, but write first 1/- FREE Samples of actual material. Every roll 12 yds. wide.
HAWKEN & CO. LTD.
122 WARDOUR ST. LONDON, W.1.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

When Father Drops Dead

Tragic Plight of a Tragically Bereaved Father

GLIMPSES of dire tragedy in a world that even the callous-hearted must know to be full of sorrow and suffering reach us continually among the appeals for assistance that pour into our office by every post.

A moving picture of a woman's struggles against sheer misfortune reached us last week from a widow whose husband dropped dead in the street, leaving her with four little children unprovided for.

The little ones are now between five and twelve years of age, ages at which their needs and cost of their upbringing would tax the resources of any working-class father.

The widow says: "I have a very hard struggle. I have to keep three of the children on 9s. weekly (3s. each child) and there is 5s. weekly for the eldest."

"If my husband's health had permitted him to serve as a soldier and he had been killed I should have received as his widow a pound a week for myself and 29s. 6d. a week for the four children, but as the widow of a poor working man I have to struggle from hand to mouth."

"I wrote to the Ministry of Health asking for help and was told to apply to the guardians. The guardians told me to go to work."

"I have been to work, but it is hard to earn enough for four hearty children. Bread costs 6s. weekly. There is 4s. rent, and all other food is dear. We don't know what it is to taste butter, and the worry of providing clothes and boots for my children is almost unbearable."

"I sought the advice of the vicar, who spoke to the guardians on my behalf, but they told me that if they gave me further assistance they would have to do it for all."

"The Greatest of These—" Fund has lifted a little of the burden from this poor widow's aching shoulders.

We look to our readers to help us by their contributions to increase our work of relief in such cases, upon which every penny they send us is expended.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the **JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND**. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

M. Way (North Charn), 2s. 6d.; W. J. K., 6d.; E. Pero, 7s. 6d.; R. B. J. (Dunsmuir), 10s.; Regular Reader, Walsworth, 1s.; Mr. F. Ferriday (Ladyswood, 10s.); S. A. Cameron (Dartford), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 10s.; Larry, 2s. 6d.; In Memory of Mickeydon (Edinburgh), 4s.; F. B. (Totter), 2s. 6d.; Nan Clark, 6s.; F. A. (Buckthorpe), 2s. 6d.; Elizabeth (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (St. Helens), 1s.; Mr. G. Cross, 2s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; Sandbach (Cheshire), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Southport), 1s.; Tony (Babacomb), 5s. 6d.; A. E. 2s.; Four Left Clover (Hudd), 2s. 6d.; Dorren, 6d.; An Interested Reader (Totter), 2s.; N. B. Staveley, 1s. 6d.; L. P. (Gloucester), 1s.; Constant Reader, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. D. M. Powell, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Pevitt (Bolton), 6d.; Treher, 4s.; With Love, 1s.; Cam High, 2s.; A. A. S. (Farm Worker, Victoria), 10s.; J. Davies (Barnsley), 1s.; Unpleasant Ducks, 6d.; Mrs. A. C. Milne (Elgin), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. R. May (Brighton), 3s. 6d.; D. P. (Competitor Back to Work), 2s.; Lucy (Waterlane), 5s.; Mrs. L. Crane (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. A. Cook, 5s.; A. Bullock, 1s.; H. Harvey (Catford), 2s. 6d.; G. Perry (Stoke-on-Trent), 2s. 6d.; R. Knapp (Bramley), 1s. 6d.; Thankful, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Maidenhead), 10s.; Jesus (For Luck in Finding Winners), 1s. 3d.; Hearts, 1s.; Scouty, 1s.; Beverley, 1s.; Emm, 2s.; E. B. Mollie (Torquay), 5s.; Mr. Leslie Heulett, 2s.; Patience, 5s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; H. H. (W.2), 1s.; Jamie's Dad, 2s. 10s.; Sympathiser (Clapham), 2s.; Mrs. Jennings (Manor Park), 5s.; Mr. A. G. Roake (Chertsey), 1s.; C. Sansworth (Oxford), 4s.; G. S. Fletcher (Crewe), 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Martin (Grantham), 1s.; M. E. Perren (Brentwood), 2s.; W. Chapman (Highbridge), 1s.; King-shot (Hilary), 1s. 6d.; F. Hubbard (Middlesex), 1s.; J. Jones (Croydon), 1s.; H. G. West (Peasehaven), 1s.; P. Hoadley (Bournemouth), 9d.; A. Bond (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Webster (Burton-on-Trent), 6d.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; Kilmarock, 2s. 6d.; H. P. Tambray (Croydon), 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 3s.; Robert R. Doolley, 5s.; The Temper, 2s. 6d.; V. Bennett, 2s.; A. R. Siddons, 2s. 6d.; Priory Park (Charley), 1s.; R. A. Rogers, 2s. 6d.; M. Donohoe (New Rose), 6d.

Parcels of Clothing are gratefully acknowledged from:—Miss M. Malpas, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Brown, in Remembrance.
Many acknowledgments unavailably held over.

THE SECRET OF AN ATTRACTIVE FIGURE.

HOW TO PUT ON FLESH YET AVOID SUPERFLUOUS FAT.

The only sure, safe and reliable way of putting on flesh and building up a well-developed figure is to enrich your blood and strengthen your nerves by taking a five-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate after meals. Because its organic phosphates are actually converted into living nerve tissue, and because the special form of iron notably enriches your blood, this great tonic does more to make you strong and vigorous than any other preparation yet discovered. We are so convinced of this that in every package of Blood-Iron Phosphate there is a definite guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back. Go straight away, to your chemist then, and get a package of Blood-Iron Phosphate. It costs only 3s., yet if after taking you do not feel and look happier, healthier and stronger, if you have not put on flesh and improved your appearance, you can have your money back in full.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. F. Heller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I had been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Britain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53, K.S.), London, W.1.

PINK EMBAY PART
ARE EXALT WAYER
RICK PRATE RODE
ESKIMO BILLOWE
HITARE CAULS
A STITCH PRESTO
DOTED LEASE PAL
ERIN FARCE ARID
PIN MOTOR SCARE
TOTTER DIRECT R
N RAGE DEER H
S PATENT PRIDES
LOON RAISE EARL
EDUCE CLEAR TOE
WERE STEEL MEND

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

CUTS

MAKE THEM SAFE WITH

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

1/3 PER TIN

HUGE SUCCESS.

A DR. NESPER PRODUCT AND WORTHY OF HIM TOO!



THOUSANDS HAVE VOTED THIS WONDERFUL SPEAKER THE GEM OF THE NESPER PRODUCTIONS.
Test for yourself by sending 2/6 deposit. If perfectly satisfied, complete purchase by sending 10 Monthly Payments of 2/6, or 23/- cash in 7 days. Superior to Speakers costing three times the money.
World-Famed **DR. NESPER PHONES**, 10 2. Deposit 6d Extra Load **CRYSTAL SETS** complete with two pen Phones, 23/6. Deposit 3/-.
26 DEPOSIT.
EVERYTHING WIRELESS ON EASY TERMS. Catalogue FREE THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.).
Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.16.

25

HOLIDAY TENNERS

FINAL HOLIDAY OFFER

1st. Prize

£400

£50 £25

25 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10

50 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

50

HOLIDAY FIVERS

200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

Warehouseman's £1,000

FROM the £1,000. winner in *Bullets* No. 643 comes an absorbing letter which would more than fill this column.

"A fellow townsman of mine won a second prize in *Bullets*," writes delighted Mr. Findlay, of Block 15, Longpark, Kilmarnock, "and seeing the cheque in a local newsagent's window had the effect of spurring me on. My arm has been like a pump handle since the news of my £1,000 prize arrived.

"I am a warehouseman in the Longpark Pottery, and to my wife and me this is a fabulous sum of money. It will be put to good use, and provide that sense of security so much desired by people in our walk of life."

Snap Your Holiday!

There is a flood of prizes for holiday snaps this year. Happy pictures are filling the newspapers—and the pockets of holiday-makers. But not everybody has both the opportunity and the skill to secure a prize snapshot.

You need no camera to snap one of the hundred holiday cheques which *Bullets* offer this week. *Bullets* are word pictures which anybody can develop in a few minutes. Cruel things have been said of this year's holiday weather, but here is a shower that all will welcome—a shower of £10 and £5 notes for good *Bullets*.

The Golden Lining

Miss G. Bona, of Holms, Scolton, Nr. Treffgarne, is one of many competitors who have recently taken up *Bullets* and quickly jumped into the £5 list. "Imagine my delight," she writes, "on receiving a prize which will enable me to take a much needed holiday!"

The winner remarks that her winning *Bullet* was an inspiration that came in a flash when she was making *Bullets* one very wet day. If you have a wet day on your holidays, spend it on *Bullets*. That £100 First Prize would line the clouds with gold.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 644.

OUR NAVY
MAKING A LIVING
BRITAIN'S HARVEST
WHEN WE'RE ALL
EQUAL
WHAT WE PAY
HOME AGAIN
ON THE TRACK
HAPPY HOLIDAY
IN THE END
STARVING

OLD BEAR
KING FOOTBALL
HER YOUNG MAN
GENERALLY
SAID TO THE OFFICE-
BOY
NO MAN
RED, WHITE AND BLUE
FLATTERING
WHAT THE SADDLE SAID
WHAT IS A JOKE?

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 647.

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY
BEFORE HER
WATCHING THE BATHERS
THE WEATHER
THE LATEST SPORT
IN TIME
SHOWED HE LOVED HER
AFTER THE FIRE
SAID TO THE PIERROT
LADY LECTURER
THROWING MONEY AWAY
ON SUNDAY
NOW WE'RE MARRIED
SCOTCH COMEDIAN
WHEN HE'S BUSY
NERVOUSLY
AGREES WITH ME
A SHARPER
SEEN ON HOLIDAY
ALARMING
LIKE AN ELEPHANT
TOO OLD
WHAT THE PAINTER SAID
WITH INTEREST
SORRY
POOR BOY
SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
BABY'S WAY
CUPID BY THE SEA
GATHERING FRUIT
WITH A BANG
WHAT IS A DISAPPOINTMENT?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this: Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent *Bullets* Prize winners were:—

Example:—ARMAMENTS RACE

Bullet:—ARREST! DON'T "RUN IN."

Example:—YOUNG ENGLAND

Bullet:—OUR HOPE—WHAT'S THEIRS?

Example:—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT

Bullet:—FOREIGNERS "MAKING THINGS" EASIER.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 647, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(647) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

Example

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(647) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

Example

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(647) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Example

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(647) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 647 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 644 will be exhibited in the window of Mr. A. WILKS, 271, Hamlet Court Road, WOODHURST-on-Sea.



The factory that never stops growing!

All good hotels,
boarding houses,
restaurants, etc.,
will serve
Shredded Wheat
upon request.

BARELY eighteen months have passed since Shredded Wheat, made in Britain, first began to appear on the market. Yet so great has been the demand, so rapidly have the sales of of this food increased, that many alterations and additions have already had to be made to the factory—and now comes the news that extra machinery is to be installed which will make it possible to double the present output of Shredded Wheat.

Such wonderful progress is due, no doubt, to many things, but most of all to the purity of Shredded Wheat.

Shredded Wheat fills a definite want in regard to food. It places before the world a perfectly digestible wholewheat food which is absolutely pure. It is nothing more and nothing less than whole wheat. No flavouring, colouring, fat, baking powder, preservative, or any conceivable form of adulteration is used.

Shredded Wheat is not a fanciful dish that can claim only an occasional place on the table. With many thousands of people it is a staple article of the day's diet—as important to them as eggs, potatoes and meat. It is not merely a breakfast food, but an all day food—and there is none better. Prove these facts to your own satisfaction—and to the profit of your health.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100
FOOD

EIGHTPENCE
(in U.K. only)

If you have never yet
tried Shredded Wheat
send name and ad-
dress on a post card for
a free trial packet.
Address: THE
SHREDDED
WHEAT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 26),
Welwyn Garden City,
Herts.

"All the nourishment of all the wheat."

